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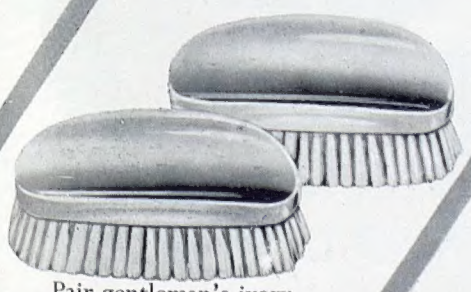

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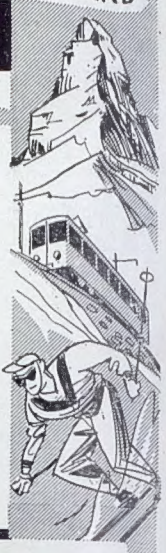

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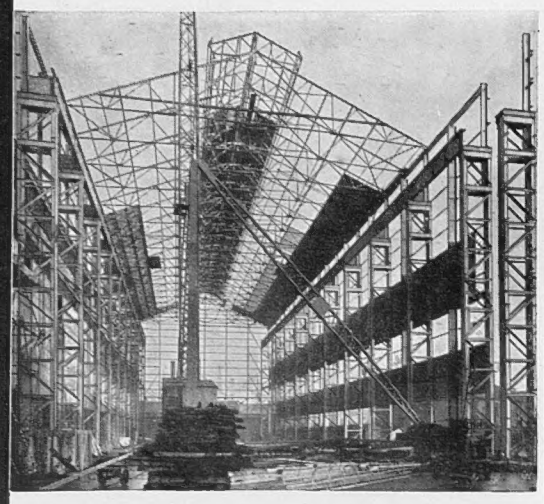

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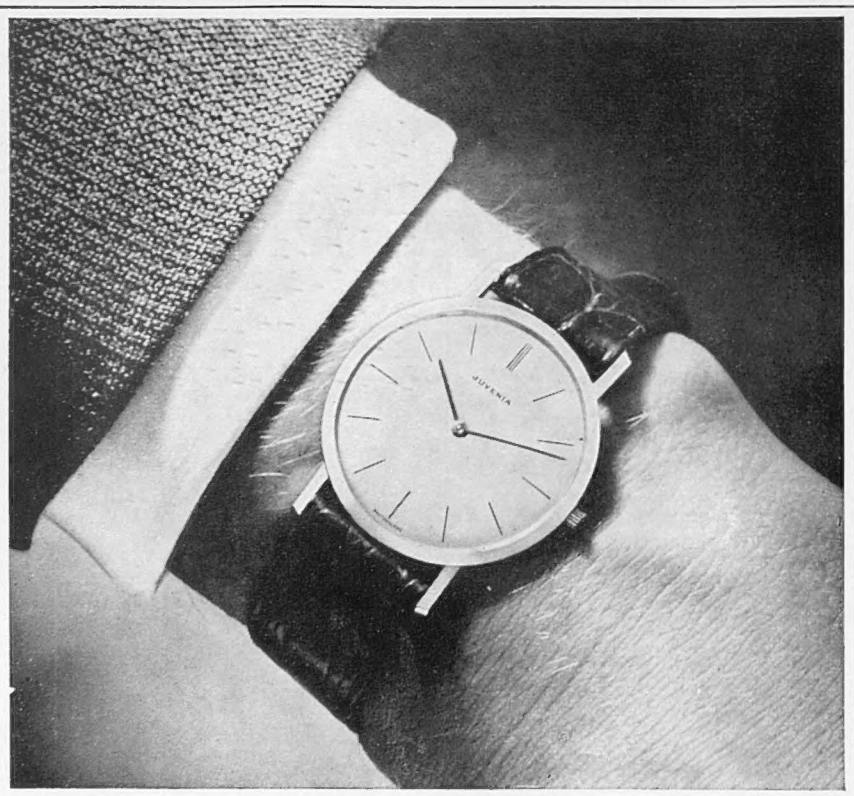

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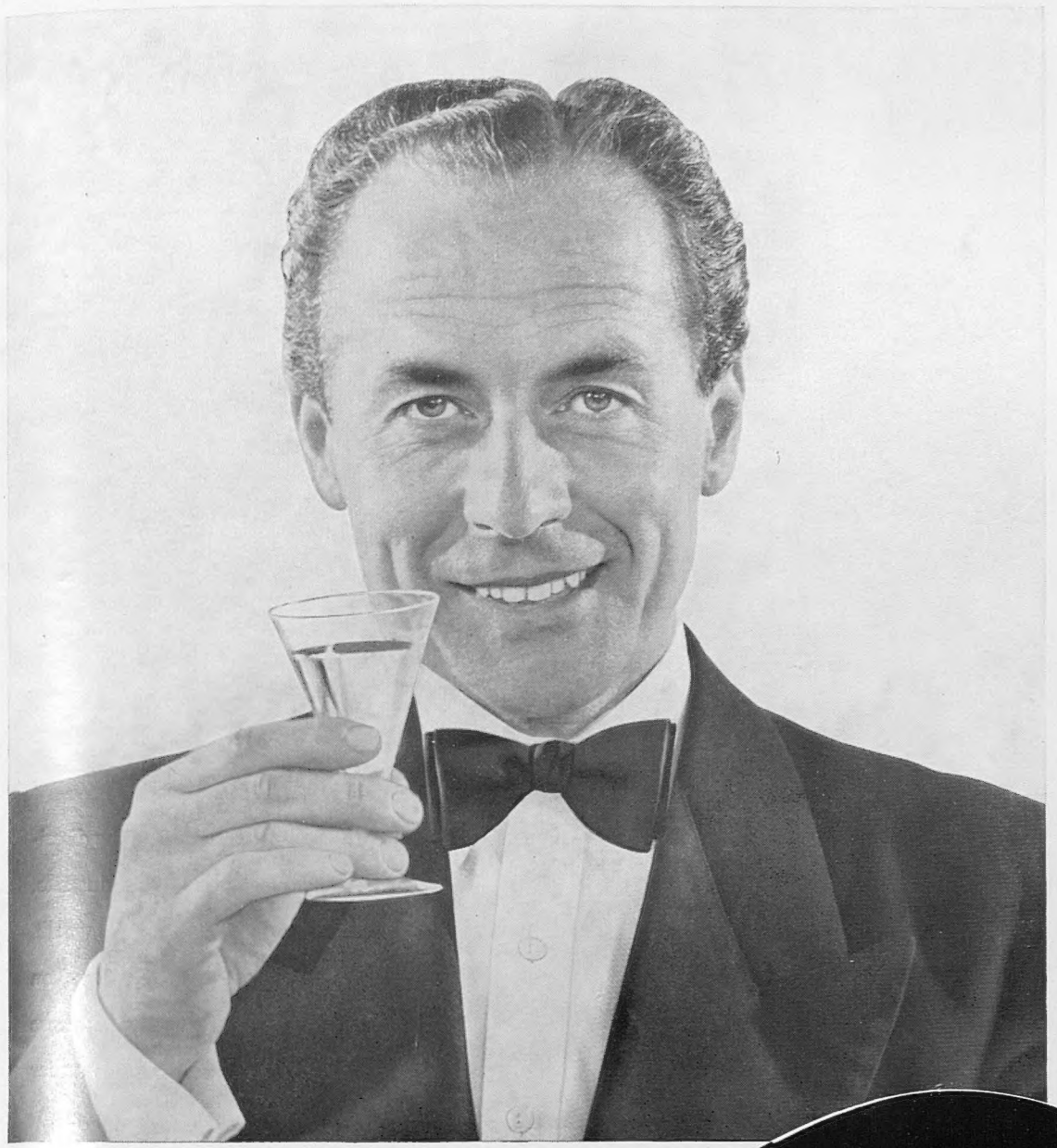

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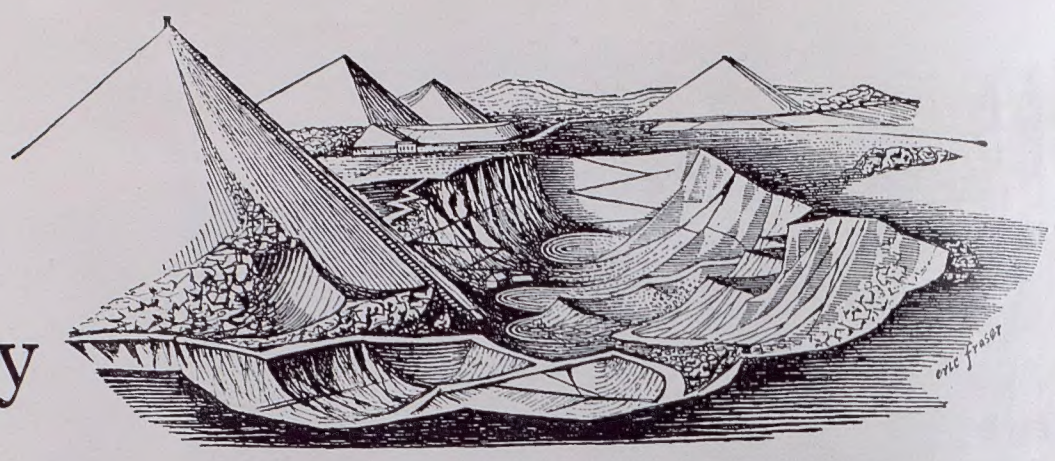
it all begins with clay

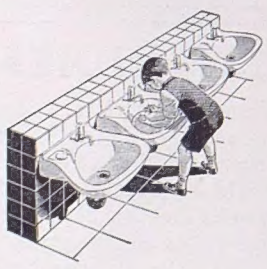


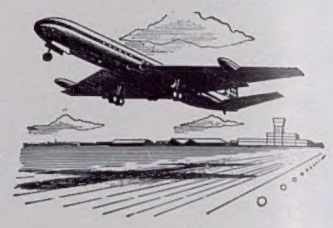
During the past half century greater changes have taken place in pottery-making than in the preceding 5,000 years. An ancient craft has become a great industry; inherited craftsmanship and traditional skill have been enhanced by important discoveries of modern ceramic technology.

In these developments the Royal Doulton Potteries have taken a leading part. The Doulton Group of Companies form the largest pottery enterprise in Great Britain and produce a wider range of ceramics than any pottery in the world. For generations, Royal Doulton Fine China and Earthenware have graced the tables of countless homes. Never has their fame stood higher than today. In an independent survey recently held in the United States to discover the tableware patterns most sought after by American brides, Royal Doulton gained first, fourth and seventh places and was the only English china to appear in the 'top ten'.

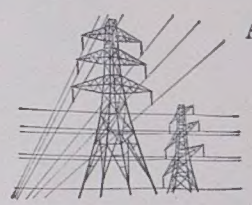
Doulton's part in the 'sanitary reform' movement last century is a matter of history, and the name has been pre-eminent in this field ever since.

In countless modern homes, schools, and public buildings Doulton Sanitary Equipment is making an important contribution to general well-being. And, hidden underground, millions of Doulton Vitrified Stoneware Drainpipes perform an equally important task in maintaining the health of the community. Doulton Vitrified Stoneware Conduits are in immense demand to protect the cable-lines of communication, lighting and power; many miles of London's cables are carried in them and another notable example of their use is under the runways at London Airport.

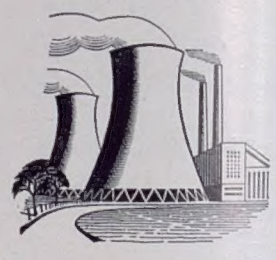




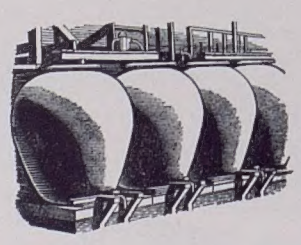
No ceramic product has to meet a more exacting technical specification than the Insulator. Doulton Porcelain Insulators play a vital role in safeguarding the distribution of electricity from the power stations to our homes and industries. Millions are in use by electricity authorities throughout the world.



A vast variety of articles is produced in Doulton Acid-resisting Chemical Stoneware; these include pipes to carry corrosive fluids under pressure, processing plant and containers for acids, chemicals, foodstuffs, perfumes, essences and a host of other products. Another branch of Doulton activities, with applications in almost every industry, is the production of special Porous Ceramics for filtration, aeration, electrolysis and other purposes.



Pottery has almost as many forms as it has uses, and there are many kinds of pottery. They all begin with clay, but the clays must be carefully chosen and, to produce the right 'body' for a specific purpose, the potter may have to mix several different types of clay and other ingredients. Here Doulton's long experience, reinforced by constant research at the various production units and in the Group's central research laboratories ensures the maintenance of Royal Doulton leadership.



An illustrated booklet, describing Royal Doulton manufactures, may be obtained from Doulton & Co. Limited, Dept. SP, Doulton House, Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1

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Volume CCXXXIX No. 3105

The SPHERE, London, December 5, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY—IN A PICTURE SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THE OCCASION HE IS SEEN WITH LADY CHURCHILL IN THEIR LONDON HOME: **The birthday was on Monday last (November 30). Sir Winston held a small family party at his home in Hyde Park Gate. A cake weighing 80 lb. contained ingredients from 120 countries and was designed after consultation with Lady Churchill. This week also marks the fifty-ninth anniversary of Sir Winston's entry into Parliament.**

For several years Sir Winston has marked his birthday quietly, with a small family party including his grandchildren. Last Monday, when he was eighty-five, the celebration was at his London home. A feature of the occasion was the 80-lb. birthday cake. Mr. Frederick Floris, the baker responsible for making it, had asked almost every country in the world to contribute some special ingredient. Altogether 120 countries replied, many sending contributions of the rarest kind. Among them were butter and brandy from Australia; cognac from France; coconut from Ghana; Italian glacé fruits; Philippine nuts and Finnish liqueurs. The cake was mixed with water from the Panama Canal and consisted of four tiers. On top was a small globe. A folder of congratulatory letters from many heads of government was presented with the cake. Signatories included Mr. Nehru, Mr. Ben-Gurion and Mr. Diefenbaker. Russia and China did not contribute. Besides reaching his eighty-fifth birthday this week, Sir Winston could record the fifty-ninth anniversary of his entry into Parliament. He first took a seat in the Commons—as Conservative M.P. for Oldham—on December 3, 1900.

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d.

MUSIC IN THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE: On the floor of the house after the close of business the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society are rehearsing under their conductor, Mr. Terence Lovett. The orchestra previously held rehearsals in the Settlement Room of the Exchange, but, while repairs were being carried out there earlier this year, they moved to the trading floor.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

Airborne Again—Mr. Macmillan will soon be again on his travels. He will spend much of January touring Africa from Ghana to Cape Town, a thing which no sitting Premier has yet done. He and his Ministers often make the point that the initiative of that visit to Russia with Mr. Lloyd proved the still living and mighty influence of Britain over world affairs and made a turning-point in history. Reason would that now *Africa infelix* should enjoy that initiative. Good may come of it; certainly more good than ill. All the Premiers to be visited asked him to come, and most of them will find no difficulty in cramming him with facts and quizzing him with problems. By the time he returns home, he should be able to claim to be the most travelled Premier with the most up-to-date and first-hand knowledge of the Commonwealth. Kenya and East Africa are not included in the tour. Mr. Macleod will do the fact-finding there. Meanwhile, a great deal of exploration is being done or planned in the Dark Continent. A committee of officials is already sitting and its report will be the prelude to work by Lord Monckton's Africa Commission, which is expected to start in February. Meanwhile, a number of names have been announced for the Monckton Commission and, at the time of writing, more should be chosen if the Opposition co-operates. At the moment, the Opposition do not like the terms of reference or the composition. And when (we don't know when) the Monckton Commission has reported, there must be a Governmental conference which, in its turn, will be debated in Parliament. By that time the Premier's fact-finding tour and its harvest may well be ancient history.

Not Wanted in Moscow—I share the surprise of one or two authors, whose offered books have been refused by Russia, that the British Council did not first obtain the authors' consent to the offer of their work to the Moscow Exhibition. No author welcomes a rebuff even from Moscow. I confess I should like to read a full list of the books offered. The choices known to us by rejection certainly suggest a certain rashness in the British Council. Huxley and Orwell are examples of trailing the British cloak. Lord Halifax's *Fullness of Days* was an odd selection if merit was a criterion, and was perhaps rejected on that score. But I should have thought William Morris was to-day safe enough, and could do little to shake the Russian idea that the England of to-day is the England of Dickens. But something may be done to shake the *idée fixe* on the roundabouts of drama, if not on the swings of literature. *My Fair Lady* is to show her paces in Russia by special cultural pact with America, and then at least our culture in Russian eyes should advance to the Edwardian era. I should indeed like to con the full list offered by the British Council; the rejects are so varied and tantalising.

British Books for Asia and Africa—I sympathise with the President of my old college, Mr. Norrington, who has accepted the chairmanship of the Government Committee for choosing English books for distribution (under a subsidy) in Asia and Africa. Of course, the publishers will co-operate with him, hopefully, but what a problem the range of choice for so wide a range of readers! The books chosen must faithfully represent our "way of life," of course; but for how long back? Our way of life has changed since *Cranford* and *Ravenshoe* and *Pride and Prejudice*, and nowadays our way of life is scientific and we must show the flag of science. That rules out solely "classics," yet classics there must be, and since all the literary lions still include *Wuthering Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, *Mansfield Park*, *Esmond*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Pickwick* (or what you will) among our hundred best classics, Mr. Norrington may well shrink from the task of choosing a bare dozen of them as most "suitable" for revealing our earlier way of life. But the competition from Russia will stimulate him and direct him. The Russians have already sent forth to our chosen field superb translations of such books as *Cranford* at cut prices. Can we compete with them? Mr. Norrington thinks we must rely on moderns. How many English classic novels have been written in our time? *The Real Charlotte* (Irish), *The Old Wives' Tale* . . . ? We have done better in history and biography. What a task to decide on a first mixed bag of British books guaranteed to suit the taste of a majority among a hundred different groups of readers of every race and tongue and creed in every stage of political and social development. But this for comfort: my first B.B.C. assignment was to broadcast Creevey's political testament to a group of young students in India. I thought it a "long shot." Perhaps they drank it all in. If so, Mr. Norrington's task may be less fearful than I suppose it to be.

Christmas Comes . . .—Christmas comes but once a year, but manages to last about a quarter of it. The rising generation of children have for many weeks now been familiar with Santa Claus. Whether they believe in his magic personality, his reindeer and chimney-boy skill, I don't know. Probably they accept him as a hard-working shop-walker in fancy dress; but they must surely attribute to him the magic power of "bringing fools into a circle" and blocking the streets and pavements for weeks on end. And they must connect his name (and perhaps bless it) with ever more expensive and ingenious toys and gadgets. Father Christmas himself—shop-walker or superman—must regard the human race—adult or juvenile—rather cynically as liable to believe in his magic, such as it is, and he cashes in every year on the premise that grown-ups become children again at this season. How else to account for some of the most expensive and useless gadgets offered in the Christmas-present catalogues to *homo sapiens*? Combined cigar-cutters and paper knives in gold and ivory, cheap at 12 guineas, cigarette-lighters given away at £6, a paper-clip in walnut wood with gold-plated springs at under £1, or a pink "soiled linen" bin at 50s. It needs magic of a high order to persuade you and me that these purchases are "really necessary" and so exactly supply a long-felt want as to justify their prices.

Goodwill Towards Men—Goodwill towards men is a useful, perhaps essential, preliminary to Peace on Earth. It seems to some of us odd and sad that in this year of hope so very many persons deemed worthy men and of authority should stump the country or wear out their nibs in criticism of their own and foreign contemporary V.I.P.s, and point out all the weaknesses of men with whom they worked closely. Yet so it is, and their vilifications co-operate with Nature in making the

THE SALE OF PAINTINGS AT SOTHEBY'S: Bidding is in progress for Gauguin's "I Await the Letter" (on the right) in the famous London sale-rooms. In the background is a seventeenth-century Brussels tapestry by Teniers. Gauguin's picture, bought by Rosenberg and Steinbel of New York, fetched £130,000, the highest price ever paid for a Gauguin at an auction. The sale of French Impressionist and twentieth-century pictures brought a total of £688,958, including £145,000 for Cézanne's portrait of a peasant in a blue blouse.

weeks round Christmas a sombre season. There are excuses for them, of course. They have to live, and the publication of their memoirs, with no pulled punches, is as good a way as any. The printing dispute, which dammed the autumn stream of publishing, has lately released it in a torrent of ill-will or adverse criticism. Then again, brickbats pay better than bouquets, just as bad news is better news commercially than things of good report. But many of us must be wondering whether those in high places who once assumed responsibility for the things which belong unto our peace were all the time hard put to it to restrain their gall and padlock their bitter tongues while the trouble lasted. Some of them, in retrospect, were clearly "no angels" and have felt it necessary to secure their own reputations by diminishing their contemporaries'. In the process, we are left wondering whether the "best claret" was served at the Barmecide's feast of recent history.

Political Importance of the Joneses—Quite a long time ago when I was younger and worked harder than I do to-day, I rather resented the Socialists' assumption that they represented "the Working Class," despite the fact that my industry brought me no fortune. To-day it is pointed out to the Socialists by many people that they lost the late election principally because they still make that claim at a time when even their usual supporters dislike to be called "the working class," a term which seems to imply that they have failed to keep up with the Joneses and not yet qualified (as they deserve to qualify) as "property-owners." In short, Labour lost the election because it continues, in the face of statistics, to regard its potential large share of the electorate as still living in Dickensian squalor on the bread-line. They don't and, with an eye on the Joneses, they resent the suggestion. The latest figures from the National Income and Expenditure Accounts issued before the General Election revealed that in the last ten years the number of our citizens earning only up to £5 a week has been reduced from one-half to one-fifth, discounting social benefits. The rise in that period of the number of workers who have £1,000 a year to spend after tax is extraordinary, as, indeed, is the case with those who have £2,000 per annum net to spend. The *bulk* of our national income to-day goes to those enjoying between £10 to £40 a week. Out of roughly 13,000,000, nearly 9,000,000 have between £500 to £2,000 a year to spend after tax. Those who have between £2,000 to £6,000 a year to spend represent about one-twenty-sixth of these 13,000,000. Tap the barometer and you find the Joneses on the up-and-up in numbers and in income, and they do not like to be patronised as living in squalor.

O To Be in Eire!—Some facts and theories concerning population trends in Eire were supplied last week to the Institute of Actuaries. The speaker emphasised the appalling consequences of the great famine of 1840 onwards, a tragedy of history most of us have half-forgotten. It is a fresh surprise to me to learn that in 1841 the population of Ireland was *more than half* that of England and Wales. To-day it is less than one-tenth; and emigration, in the 1840's the principal means of survival, still continues to be high. In short, the doubts about the prospects of better living conditions, created a century and more ago, have never been dissipated. The lecturer's conclusion is that love of their country and its welfare has not existed in the Irish people since the 1840's. The bulk of them want to get out, cloaking their "calculated materialism" under the guise of seeking adventure. That theory knocks for six the sentiment and heartbreak of those Irish emigrant songs over which the Victorians shed tears and which still can bring tears to our eyes. If he is right (and I am not competent to judge), that lovely emerald isle (and its declining population) is a thing of envy to us in John Bull's island where 50,000,000 people (many of them Irish) grunt and sweat and jostle for elbow-room, and where every month another percentage of our fast-vanishing open spaces is filched from us for roads and housing sites, factories and atom plants. What wouldn't we give for a quarter of their fair, depopulated spaces as a reserve green belt, since our own are quickly being transformed into subtopia? It is surprising that escape from over-population in England has not in some small degree balanced escape from solitude, in Ireland, as a few years ago it looked like doing.

The Queen's Head—New banknotes are to be issued early next year. There will be innovations. The new £1 note will be predominantly green and it will carry for the first time the Queen's head. The new 10s. note will come in 1961 and £5 notes in 1962. There will also be an issue of £10 notes to satisfy our day-to-day spending requirements. All will bear the Queen's head. As to size, the new £1 note will be of present length, but less wide, and the new 10s. note will conform to it in size. The new £5 and £10 notes will be the size of the present £1 note. I sincerely hope that the £5 and £10 notes will be more easily distinguishable from £1 notes than the £5 notes are to-day, in colour and design as well as in size. It is promised that a different colour will be used for each denomination, and I hope the distinctions will be abundantly clear. It was bad enough to offer a "fiver" in payment for goods worth £1. It would be crippling to part with a "tenner." The Bank of England feel for our pockets. The sizes of their new notes have been designed to enable the notes to sit unfolded and comfortable in the "average" wallet. They won't sit there any longer, of course, than they do now.

"Unwilling to School"—A day must surely come when the psycho professors will be condemned to banishment on the ground that they have brought the nation's activities to a halt, and law and order to a dangerous decline. From Worcestershire come details of a new mental disease affecting young persons: school-phobia. It is a very urgent problem. It is a heredity and environment complaint. A child of an over-possessive mother and an under-assertive father is liable to get it, and it is hard to eradicate. Symptoms? The little boy or girl does not want to go to school. Some say it is an old complaint with a new label. Shakespeare mentions a sufferer who, compelled to school, turned into a snail. I myself had a touch of it in the middle '90's of last century and it took the form of bouts of copious tears. But my under-assertive father exceptionally asserted himself and in the end I was cured without benefit of psychiatry or even blue pill. I think that "school-phobia" *must* be an old complaint under a new name. For there have been many well-authenticated case-histories of sufferers since Shakespeare's day, and it is very curious that its claim to be a new disease is barely two years old. Money—much money—must be spent on study. The professors must be the very best, and the best must be well paid. There is a real danger that this very contagious disease may spread so rapidly that new school buildings will be redundant by 1970. I sometimes wonder whether these psycho professors are deficient in humour, as some people aver. Can it be that they have too much of it and fool us all the time?

THE OLD STAGER

THE INQUEST AT BLACKPOOL

The Labour Party's Special Two-day Conference

MR. GAITSKELL: The leader of the Labour Party addresses the delegates at the two-day Labour Party Conference at Blackpool, held last week-end. During the inquest on the reasons for the Party's loss of a third successive General Election, Mr. Gaitskell urged no abandonment of the election programme. He also stated that he was not in favour of complete State ownership.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE: In her address to the delegates, Mrs. Barbara Castle puts the point that the Labour Party has not delineated the real case for public ownership.

The grand inquest on the reasons for the defeat of the Labour Party at the polls for the third successive time took the form of a special two-day conference at Blackpool. No verdict was reached and the charge that the assassin of the Labour Party was the policy of nationalisation was returned as "not proven." Mr. Gaitskell's personal policy statement was long awaited: in his speech he made it clear that he was not in favour of complete State ownership, and many critics took it that he meant he would commit the Party, so long as he remained leader, against any further nationalisation.

On the other hand, Mr. Bevan, speaking at the end of the Conference, showed that he had no faith that an affluent society would continue to exist under capitalism and that further large-scale nationalisation was inevitable. His speech, nevertheless, was an ebullient and masterful effort to place a seal of unity over the proceedings. It seems apparent that there will be a prolonged struggle within the National Executive of the Party over Mr. Gaitskell's proposal for re-writing the clause in the Party constitution on public ownership. Many of the other speakers at the Conference argued strongly that a new appeal to the younger generation was vital and that the questions of colonial freedom and nuclear freedom should be made the basis of a moral crusade.

Below—

IN BLACKPOOL: From left to right are Mr. Crossman, Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. Ian Mikardo. The last-named was to have been the new chairman of the Labour Party in succession to Mrs. Castle but was defeated in the voting for the Constituency section of the Executive.

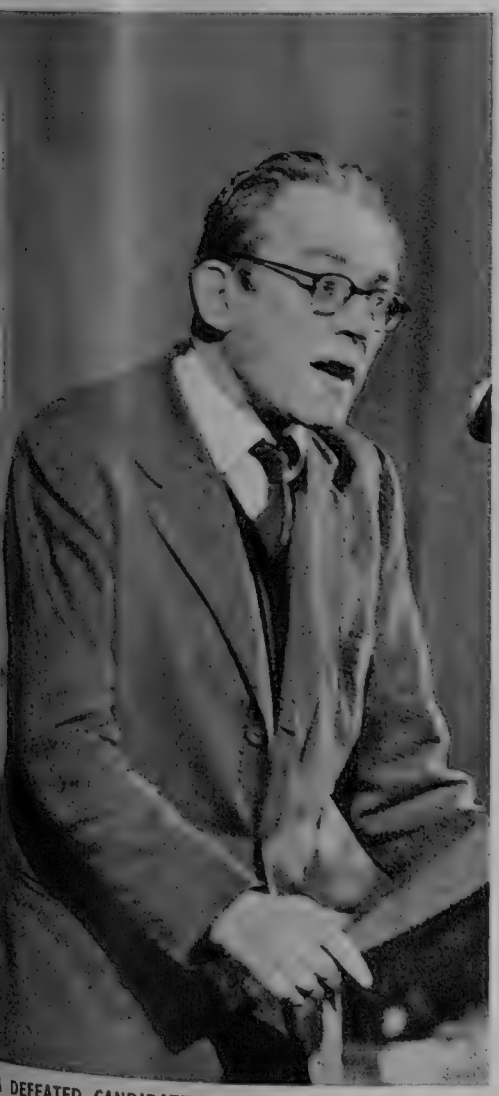
Above—

LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS: Mr. Gaitskell makes a note during Mrs. Barbara Castle's speech, while Mr. Morgan Phillips has a thoughtful look.

On right—

THE NEW CHAIRMAN: Mr. Gaitskell shakes hands with Mr. George Brinham, chairman of the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers, who is the new chairman of the Labour Party. The office goes by length of service on the Executive, and three members—Mr. Wilson, Mr. Crossman and Mr. Brinham—were equal. Since it was some years since a Trade Unionist occupied the post, the office went by agreement to Mr. Brinham.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN SPEAKS: The deputy leader of the Labour Party raises a finger to stress a point during his speech at the Blackpool Conference. From left are Mrs. Castle, Mr. L. William, and Mr. Mikardo. In summing-up the two-day debate, Mr. Bevan, in a characteristically fiery and impromptu speech, endeavoured to give an impression of unity among the Labour Party leaders. He stated that he believed passionately in public ownership, but that it should not necessarily cover every form of economic activity.



DEFEATED CANDIDATE: Mr. Michael Foot, who contested Devonport at the election, attacks Mr. Gaitskell's views on nationalisation in his speech.

MR. DOUGLAS JAY: The M.P. for Battersea North asks that the Labour Party should be brought more abreast of the times. In an article published after the General Election, Mr. Jay started the controversy over whether the Labour Party should drop the policy of nationalisation.

On right—

MR. ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN: The M.P. for Bristol S.E. addresses the Conference. In the voting for the Executive he defeated Mr. Mikardo for seventh place in the Constituency section.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON TOUR IN GHANA: *Left*—His Royal Highness walks across the Volta single-span steel bridge at Adomi, after his visit to the Shai Hills, where rock is being quarried for the construction of the vast artificial harbour at Tema. *Right*—The Duke studies a map of Tema Harbour before touring the area.

CIVIC RECEPTION: The Duke of Edinburgh, wearing naval uniform, sits with Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, during the welcoming ceremonies at Accra at the start of his week's visit to Ghana. The Duke, who had flown to Accra in a Heron aircraft which he piloted himself for part of the journey, received a great welcome. Although he described his tour as "only a flying visit," the Duke did not restrict his activities to the capital. As well as visits to the university and other colleges, he saw various forms of the country's industries, including the site for the proposed dam at Akosombo which forms part of the Volta River project. He also toured the vast harbour at Tema. Throughout many of his engagements the Duke wore an open-neck shirt. Having said that this was only a flying visit, the Duke told the people that in 1961, "in company with the Queen, I hope to see much more of your country and your people."

A ROYAL WEEK IN GHANA

Aspects of the Duke of Edinburgh's "Flying Visit"

AT THE GHANA NAUTICAL COLLEGE: The Duke meets officials and students of the college where seamen and engineers are trained for the country's mercantile marine. After this informal visit the Duke changed into the tropical uniform of a Field-Marshal, for the presentation of a new Queen's Colour to the 3rd Battalion, The Ghana Regiment.

GHANA'S COCOA INDUSTRY: At the West African Cocoa Institute, the Duke is seen looking at cocoa trees growing in pots. They are to be used for experimental purposes. On the Duke's left is Mr. James Lamb, Director of the Institute. *On right*—The Duke arrives for a convocation ceremony at the University College of Ghana, near Accra. He also made an extensive tour of the buildings.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

FOUNDATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is Chancellor of the University, confers the honorary degree of Doctor of Science (Economics) on Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, formerly (from 1936 to 1957) Director of the London School of Economics. Others receiving honorary degrees on Foundation Day on Thursday of last week included Field Marshal Earl Alexander, and Viscount Dunrossil, the former Speaker.

THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER: Before his installation, which was held in the presence of Princess Margaret last Monday, the Very Rev. Eric Abbott poses in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey. Previously Warden of Keble College, Oxford, and Canon and Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, the new Dean has been Chaplain to the Queen since her Coronation. As Dean, he succeeds the Very Rev. Alan Campbell Don.

On right—

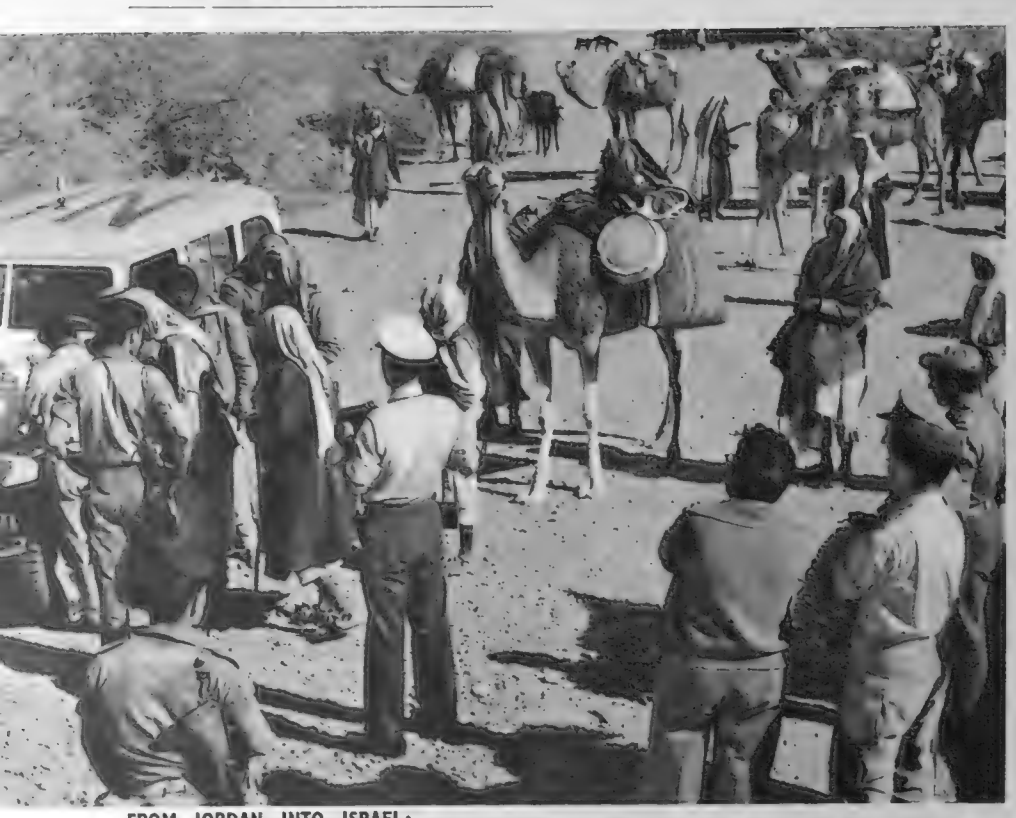
A ROYAL VISITOR: King Hussein of Jordan, accompanied by his brother, Prince Hassan, who met him on his arrival, walks across the tarmac at Ferryfield Airport, at Lydd, Kent. Arriving last Sunday, the King of Jordan is on a two-week private visit to the United Kingdom, as part of a European holiday.

SAVING TIME AND TROUBLE IN AGRICULTURE: Different breeds of bulls—Friesian, Ayrshire and Shorthorn—walk round in a circle at Chippenham, Wiltshire. They are attached to a novel device, which works on the roundabout principle and which is used to exercise the animals. With more than 100 bulls, Chippenham is the bull-rearing centre of the Milk Marketing Board.

A CONTINENTAL TYPE OF LEVEL-CROSSING IN BRITAIN: A motorist walks back to his car after pressing a button to raise the barrier at the crossing of the Norwich–Liverpool Street line at the village of Tivetshall, in Norfolk. Similar crossings are used in parts of Europe. It is the first experiment by British Railways in replacing the system of level-crossings with heavy wooden gates operated by keepers. The two lifting barriers are normally closed to road traffic. A box with a push-button and a telephone stands on each side of the railway track. When motorists or other traffic want to use the crossing, they press the button, which raises the barrier and warns the signalman in his box. Bells rings ten seconds before the barrier is lowered again.

A RECORD DEEP-SEA DIVE: The bathyscaphe *Trieste* of the U.S. Navy surfaces after reaching a depth of 18,600 ft. in the Marianas Trench, off Guam, in the Pacific. On the conning-tower are Dr. A. B. Rechnitzer (left) and Jacques Piccard, the two men who were at the controls during the dive. The 70-ton *Trieste* beat the old record of 13,000 ft. during a series of explorations in November. Sponsored by the U.S. Naval Electronics Laboratory and the Office of Naval Research, the bathyscaphe carried out investigations to gather data about regions never before entered by man. A steel float gives *Trieste* buoyancy and a ballast of iron pellets is used to control the rate of descent.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



FROM JORDAN INTO ISRAEL: A party of Bedouins waits at a checkpoint on the Jordanian-Israeli border. Over 100 of these tribesmen, with their camels and other livestock, were about to cross from Jordan into Israel. The frontier post is the United Nations car on the left, at which U.N. officials and Israeli and Jordanian representatives check the names of those passing over the border.

GENERAL KASSEM IN HOSPITAL: Wearing a dressing-gown, the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of Iraq talks in hospital in Bagdad with a visitor from America, Mr. George Albert Kasem, the Democratic member for California in the House of Representatives. General Kassem was taken to hospital on October 7 after an attempt on his life in the Iraqi capital. Several shots were fired at him. Last week it was announced that the last bullet remaining in his body had been extracted. It was lodged under his left armpit. The General was expected to leave hospital this week.

On right—

U.N. CONCERN FOR HUNGARY: Mr. Janos Peter, Deputy Foreign Minister of Hungary, listens intently during proceedings of the Steering Committee of the United Nations in New York. He had been invited to attend the session which met to consider the recent report by Sir Leslie Munro (New Zealand), appointed U.N. special representative on Hungary last year. The report found abundant evidence of continued repression of the Hungarian people. Despite strong objections from the Soviet bloc, the Committee decided by a large majority that the full U.N. Assembly should debate the question of the state of Hungary.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN HUNGARY: The Soviet Prime Minister waves his hat and holds a bunch of flowers after being welcomed at the airport in Budapest. On right is Mr. Janos Kadar, the Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communist Party. Mr. Khrushchev had arrived as leader of the Russian delegation attending the first congress of the Hungarian Communist Party since the uprising of 1956. The presence of the Soviet Communist chief was taken to indicate his intention of demonstrating solidarity between the regimes in Moscow and Budapest, especially in view of the recent United Nations strictures on the Kadar Government's domestic policy.

AN ATTEMPT TO EASE TENSION BETWEEN INDONESIA AND CHINA: President Sukarno of Indonesia (right), and Mr. Huang Chen, Chinese Ambassador to Indonesia, confer in the Presidential palace in Jakarta. They had met to discuss the growing tension between their two countries. Last month the Indonesian Government announced restrictions in rural areas on the businesses of foreign retailers, the majority of whom are Chinese. According to the Indonesian Foreign Ministry, Chinese diplomatists began inciting Chinese in various localities to defy the ban. Angry exchanges of views were reported from Jakarta between Dr. Subandrio, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, and Mr. Huang Chen.

AN ECONOMIC TREATY SIGNED BY WEST GERMANY AND PAKISTAN: At the Bonn Foreign Office, the Pakistani Secretary of the Finance Ministry, S. A. Hasnie (left), and the West German Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, sign the West German-Pakistani Investments Protection Treaty. This was the first such treaty to be signed between the two States and is aimed at promoting private investment in Pakistan by West German firms in order to further the economic development of the country. It covers all private investments made since September of 1954 and will remain in force for ten years. All investments made during this period will be protected for a further ten years by the agreement.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A BAD SEASON FOR HERRINGS: On the quayside at Great Yarmouth, buyers bid for herrings landed by three local boats, which, unusually, brought in more pilchards than herrings. It has been a very poor season for the East Anglian herring boats. A great deal of apprehension was expressed in the fishing industry over the European Free Trade Agreement, which was signed recently. Sir Farndale Phillips, President of the British Trawlers' Federation, said that the impact of the agreement would be very grave since it provides for an increase of imports of frozen fillets to an amount four times that of the present level, and for unlimited imports of processed fish within a short period. Under the agreement 24,000 tons of frozen fish fillets can be imported each year into Britain.

SIGNING THE "OUTER SEVEN" AGREEMENT: Ministers of the seven countries of the European Free Trade Association are seen in the Foreign Office in Stockholm. From left, seated, are M. Petitpierre (Switzerland); Hr. Lange (Sweden); and Mr. Heathcoat Amory. Standing from left are Hr. Holler (Norway); Hr. Skaug (Norway); Senhor Oliveira (Portugal); Mr. Maudling (President of the Board of Trade); Herr Bock (Austria); Hr. Krag (Denmark); and Dr. Kreisky (Austria). The initialling of the agreement was held up until a solution to the frozen fish question was found. This provides that frozen fish fillets are included as industrial products, and thus are subject to tariff cuts.

BELGIAN MOTORISTS ON "STRIKE": In Brussels, the boulevard de Petite Ceinture is deserted except for cyclists, pedestrians and trolleybuses, during a one-day protest by motorists over proposals of increased petrol taxation. It was estimated that normal traffic for a Saturday was down by 80 to 90 per cent. The political situation became uncertain when many members of the Government parties took a firm stand against the intended increase in taxation. The draft of the 1960 Budget leaves a deficit of nearly £13,000,000 to be made good by increased taxation. The price of petrol is 4s. 6d.; much of which is tax; it may rise to 5s.

PRISONERS IN RUANDA: A member of the Belgian Armed Forces in the mandated territories of Ruanda-Urundi stands guard over a number of prisoners taken by security forces during the disturbances between the Batutsi and Bahutu tribes. In Brussels, the Christian Social and Libéral Coalition Government continued its efforts to establish national unity on the Congo problem. The Minister for the Congo, M. de Schrijver, proposed talks with leaders of the African parties in Leopoldville, but the Socialist Party spokesmen demanded a round-table conference in Brussels between a parliamentary delegation and African leaders.

AN EXPLOSION IN A JAPANESE CITY: Smoke billows over an explosives plant in Yokohama, wrecked in a huge detonation. It was reported that 78 people were killed and over 1,000 injured; 175 houses near the plant were destroyed. The explosion occurred when men were filling explosive charges.

AN AEROPLANE CRASH IN THE U.S.: Firemen put out flames in the wreckage of a row of houses in Chicago after a Constellation cargo aircraft of Trans-World Airlines crashed, having missed the approach to Midway Airport.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF THE WEST INDIES: Lord Hailes, the Governor-General, reads the Speech from the Throne in the Senate Chamber at Port of Spain, Trinidad, the capital of the Federation. Sitting on the right is Lady Hailes. Standing to the left behind the Governor-General is his private secretary, Mr. Gladwyn Turbutt, and Mr. John Ashmead, the mace-bearer. The thrones on which Lord and Lady Hailes are sitting were being used for the first time and are a gift from the Government of Jamaica to the Federal Government. Questions which are expected to be debated in the new Parliamentary session include the replacement of the appointed Council of State by a fully responsible Cabinet.

THE PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY: Dr. Carlos Garcia (fourth from left) stands with his wife and listens to birthday greetings being offered him in Manila. The well-wisher addressing him wears a shirt with the inscription: "Happy Birthday. We are for Garcia, our candidate for 1961." In March 1957 Dr. Garcia, then Vice-President, assumed the Presidency on the death of President Magsaysay. He was re-elected for four years in November 1957.

On right—

A PRIEST-PRESIDENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA: The Abbé Fulbert Youlou makes his first speech in Brazzaville, the capital of the French Congo, after being elected President of the Republic of Congo by the Congolese National Assembly. He will continue to discharge the duties of Prime Minister, to which office he was elected a year ago.

TENSION IN CEYLON: Mr. H. P. Jayawardene, stated to be the secretary to a Buddhist monk, covers his face with his hand as he leaves a hearing in Colombo of the investigation into the assassination of Mr. Bandaranaike. The late Prime Minister of Ceylon was shot on September 25. The murder started a political crisis and allegations were made in Parliament implicating certain people in the crime. At the end of last week the position of Mr. Dahanayake, who succeeded Mr. Bandaranaike, and his Government seemed very unstable. It was anticipated they might resign.

NEW BUILDINGS FOR SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE SIBERIAN REGIONS OF THE U.S.S.R.: Construction is in progress outside Novosibirsk. The buildings on the site will include a hydrodynamics research institute and living quarters for a large number of scientists and technicians. Within the next few years it is planned that Novosibirsk shall have fifteen institutes engaged on scientific work. According to official Russian sources great care is being taken in the design of new towns of this type. Mr. V. Kucherenko, Chairman of the Soviet State Committee for Construction, writing recently in *Pravda*, stressed the need for keeping Soviet communities of the future to a reasonable size. They must avoid, he declared, the "anarchic development of capitalist towns" such as London and New York. Mr. Kucherenko anticipated a "not far distant time" when every Russian family would have its own self-contained flat.

World Affairs

Contacts and Competition in Culture

By JOHN CONNELL

THERE are few sights more familiar in the modern world, and to my way of thinking more dismal, than that of the sponsored delegation of experts (in medicine, science, literature, the arts, or almost any other human activity) being put through its hosts' hoops; the speech of welcome, the bouquet and the Press conference at the airport; the waiting coach; the surly discovery by the security police that one especially august member of the delegation said something rude about the regime eight years ago; the frantic telephone calls to the Ministry of Culture and Enlightenment, in order to produce at 3 a.m. someone big enough and brave enough to tell the security police where they get off; the grey dawn breaking over the chilly, ugly airport, and the cups of gritty coffee; the hotel with two of its lifts out of order; the plenary conference, preceded by a shattering row about protocol; the platitudinous Presidential address; the banquets; the compulsory and organised sightseeing; the indefatigable *bonhomie* of the guides and interpreters; the wet, warm hands to shake; the quarrels about bathrooms, bidets and lost luggage; the toastings and the boredom and the nagging worry about laundering facilities.

It is extraordinary how many men and women, of eminence and wide experience, will submit themselves freely and frequently to every refinement of this barbarous process. And they do it for the sake of the diffusion of culture. There are, indeed, some who spend so much time in delegations that it is difficult to believe that, for years past, they have entered a laboratory, read a book or sat down to write an article for a learned journal.

The volume of these cultural exchanges is likely to increase rapidly in the next few years. I cannot say that this is a prospect which I contemplate with any marked degree of enthusiasm. The importance attached to the idea of cultural exchanges is one of the least satisfactory of all facets of international relations. Itself founded on a fallacy, it can be relied upon—in every one of its manifestations—to produce a truly daunting amount of pretentious and woolly-minded guff, spiced rather horribly with a smooth, snarling cynicism.

Last week there was announced, with a great blare of publicity from Moscow and somewhat subdued fanfare from Washington, a two-year pact between the United States and the Soviet Union, providing for cultural, scientific, technical and educational exchanges; and this was to be followed as soon as possible by a similar agreement between Britain and the Soviet Union. The range of swapping suggested is extremely wide, extending from an American presentation of *My Fair Lady* in Russia to discussions on the problems of cancer, polio and the cardiac-vascular diseases; it provides for co-operation in the development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy, for the exchange of films, newsreels, television and radio shows, for tourism, for sport, and for an endless toing-and-froing of agricultural, educational, industrial, technical and scientific delegations.

It was unfortunate, but not untypical, that the main announcement coincided with the report that at the first British Book Exhibition in the Lenin Library in Moscow (held under the provisions of the earlier Anglo-Soviet cultural agreement) some thirty of the 4,000 books on display had been removed at the request of the Russians. The works of Oxford historians, including the Regius Professor of Modern History's classic study, *The Last Days of Hitler*, Dr. Leslie Rowse's admirable and uncontroversial *The Later Churchills*, and Mr. Alan Bullock's *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, seemed to be singled out for especially severe treatment. The Russians' explanation was entirely characteristic: " Some books gave an erroneous impression of events in other countries, and others contained inaccuracies about Soviet foreign policy."

Not only is this the kind of verdict against which any kind of reasoned appeal would be hopeless, but it illuminates with especial clarity the width and the depth of the gulf across which these cultural exchanges are supposed to build a bridge. The motives which underlie them on the Western side are amiable if confused; Communist motives are different not merely in degree but in kind. They are nakedly challenging and competitive, and they are expressive of a totally different attitude towards culture and all that it implies.

To anyone who has been reared within the European tradition of Christian humanism, with its Judæo-Hellenist roots, it is axiomatic that civilisation as we know it is the product of the free exchange of ideas, whether in the field of philosophy, or pure science, or the arts. The fettered and enclosed mind, we believe, is the uncivilised mind. It was in this atmosphere that, over the centuries since the Renaissance, Western Europe evolved a culture which was, on the whole, unitary. This culture had a common basic language, although, of course, it was spoken in various dialects with different inflections.

At its height its unifying influence and authority were massive. It was tenacious and vigorous enough to survive the disruption and the dislocation of the French Revolution and the long ordeal of the Napoleonic Wars. It produced and apparently turned to its own use the first Industrial Revolution. The extension of man's mastery over his environment was almost universally recognised to be a consequence of the free and constant exchange of ideas, across the barriers of race, religion or nationality; and it was also thought to be an entirely peaceful, beneficent and orderly process, in which there was likely to be no break.

The desolate, brutal and war-ravaged first half of the twentieth century smashed this latter illusion. But, far more significantly and far more tragically, it broke up all that remained of Europe's cultural unity. For two and a half centuries at least before 1914 this unity had been taken for granted; there was no need for solemn

A CULTURAL EXCHANGE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND RUSSIA: Visitors examine the magazine section in the British Book and Magazine Exhibition in Moscow, arranged by the British Council. Before it opened a fortnight ago, certain books and periodicals intended for display were removed at the request of the Soviet authorities.

pinheads of bureaucrats to sit at conference tables, pompously considering whether they would exchange one musical comedy for two football teams, the collected works of a distinguished philosopher, seven paintings " of recognised merit," and a troupe of acrobats; cultural exchanges were maintained, constantly, spontaneously, privately and publicly, without benefit of officials or statesmen.

Nobody had thought of sponsoring a delegation—whether of boiler-manufacturers or artists and intellectuals. The unity which subsisted was diffuse but organic, and of so strong a vitality that even in all the fragmentation and the ruin that have followed there has been maintained, not merely a bitter-sweet nostalgia for that which has been lost, but an insistent desire to rediscover and refashion it.

This gives an ironic and paradoxical quality to all the theory and practice of cultural exchange. It is inevitable that any totalitarian regime, once it is firmly entrenched, should muscle in on culture. The more absolute its claims to control and surveillance, the more necessary it is for it to sweep into its service science, art, sport and all the activities, interests and pursuits in which, in free societies, individuals find self-fulfilment. The Nazis went about the operation thoroughly and pig-headedly. So did the Soviet Union once Stalin was consolidated in power; and the effects of too great and too stupid a concentration on internal control were almost as disastrous for Russian society as they were for German.

The past two decades, however, have witnessed a highly significant shift of emphasis, which is, we must suppose, one more manifestation of the Soviet Union's many-sided emergence from primitive conditions (the effect of war, social breakdown and revolution) to a growing self-confidence and material enrichment.

Culture has become one of the most important, as well as most familiar, words in Russia's vocabulary. It has innumerable, very diverse internal applications; in external relations, which matter more and more to the Soviet rulers, it is a challenge and a weapon. This explains the curious, persistent one-sidedness of all cultural exchanges between the Soviet Union and Western countries. Despite the fragmentation of our cultural framework, we have not yet come to accept whole-heartedly the concept of competitive co-existence in cultural matters, with all that it is bound to imply. We still tend to think hopefully in terms that are, in sad truth, pre-1914.

On their own level, cultural exchanges may serve a limited useful purpose; but they are also (of intention, so far as the Soviet Union is concerned) a far from negligible factor in the Cold War. Two ways of life, which have, it must be admitted, an increasing number of similarities in manners, outlook and customs, vie with one another; and a victory—be it in ballet, lawn tennis, the composition and execution of a major symphony, virtuoso daring in the circus ring, or rowing—for " capitalism " must immediately be paralleled by a victory for Communism.

There is no amateurism, there is no playing for fun, and solely for fun, possible on the Russian side in these exchanges. They are there to win, and win as obviously, as quickly and as thoroughly as they can. In part this is an expression of a probably inevitable element in the psychological make-up of an *arriviste*, newly-rich society—" keeping up with the Joneskis." In part it is an expression of the Russian capacity, more exuberant and less dour than the American, for showing off.

Involvement in it for Britain is essential, I suppose. But I think that there are a good many indications that we enter it with a considerable degree of reluctance, because there is a deep and widespread awareness in our society—not merely the product of the public school system, as is sometimes alleged—that in these matters there is something more fundamental, more permanently satisfying, than competition and than any balance-sheet of wins or losses, and that this salutary and creative element may be lost if we concentrate on competition.

AN AMERICAN BASE IN THE ARCTIC: Consisting of a group of steel caravans, the camp is situated on an iceberg, which is about 10 miles long and 4 miles wide. The berg moves on average about a mile a day and gyrates about its axis. The base is named T3 and is one of three U.S. bases situated well inside the Arctic Circle. It is manned by about twenty scientists and U.S. Air Force men, who are engaged in various kinds of scientific research. The Soviet Union is reported to have eight bases on icebergs in the Arctic Ocean.

A CAMP ON AN ICEBERG

About 20 American Scientists and Air Force Men Form a Scientific Station in the Arctic Sea

ON three small icebergs, moving slowly through the pack ice of the Arctic Sea, are American bases, manned by scientists and U.S. Air Force men. They are supplied by air with provisions and live in small camps of metal caravans. On one of them, called T3, there are some twenty men, engaged in scientific research of various kinds. At the same time there are Russian bases on at least eight icebergs, engaged in much the same kind of activity. There have been reports of Soviet expeditions, landing parties, and temporary camps in many parts of the vast, barren waste.

With the increasing strategic importance of ballistic missiles, the Arctic has gained a great deal of political significance. It has been stated that the U.S. could establish over a hundred rocket bases very quickly. These would be self-supporting for a month at least. Soviet rockets have been launched in the Arctic and over thirty automatic weather stations have been set up by the U.S.S.R. Since the distance from Alaska to Siberia across the Bering Strait is only 50 miles, a chain of North American radar stations has been set up to detect aircraft, submarines and missiles.

THE CAMP OF CARAVANS: During the summer at T3, the snow melted along the tracks between the metal caravans, leaving the dwellings perched some 9 ft. above the tracks. Wooden steps had to be erected so that the entrances could be reached. The iceberg is over 100 ft. thick, so that there is little danger of it cracking. But last summer, one of the American bases had to be abandoned when its iceberg broke up. Much of the work being carried out in the Arctic is connected with radar systems which detect aircraft or missiles.

SURROUNDED BY A DESERT OF ICE: The huddle of caravans forms the American camp on the iceberg, which moves through the thin pack-ice well inside the Arctic Circle. During the winter, the base has about three hours of daylight a day and the temperature is well below zero. Although the iceberg is floating in the middle of the Arctic Ocean, there is a spring of fresh water not far from the camp. This is because the berg was once part of the glacial ice which broke off from Ellesmere Island, in Northern Canada.

AT THE AMERICAN CAMP: *Left*—Between two of the caravans can be seen a U.S. C-123B Provider military transport aircraft parked on the rough landing strip. The American Air Force has a number of these twin-engined aircraft fitted with wing-tip turbo-jets and ski landing gear for use in the Arctic area. *Right*—In the main part of the camp are two tractors fitted with caterpillar tracks. The American programme of research in the Arctic is named "Operation Nowhere." The supply bases for the project are situated in Alaska.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA: Seated on a couch after the betrothal in the Royal Palace in Teheran are, from the left: Miss Farah Dibah; the Shah; the Queen Mother; and Princess Shahnaz, the Shah's daughter. The ruler of Persia and Miss Farah Dibah became formally engaged on Monday of last week at a ceremony in which they exchanged rings. A former art student, Miss Dibah is twenty-one years old. The wedding will take place on December 21. It will be the third marriage of the Shah of Persia. His first wife was Queen Fawzia, a sister of ex-King Farouk of Egypt; the marriage was dissolved. His second wife was Queen Soraya and, eighteen months ago, this marriage was also dissolved.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Royal and Political Occasions; A Naval Appointment; Regeneration for the Aged

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IN SPAIN: In El Duende, a gypsy inn in Madrid, they talk with Gitanillo de Triana, formerly a well-known bullfighter. The inn is owned by him and his mother-in-law, Pastora Imperio, at one time a famous flamenco dancer. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were on an eight-day visit to Spain and spent much of their time as the guests of the Marquis and Marchioness of Villaverde, the son-in-law and daughter of General Franco. It was stated at the beginning of the visit that no arrangements had been made for the Duke and Duchess to meet General Franco, but it was reported later that the Spanish dictator was among a shooting party with them at Santa Cruz de Mudela, a State game preserve about 150 miles south of Madrid. Among other engagements during their stay, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were the guests of Antonio, the noted Spanish dancer, at his flat in Madrid. They returned to Paris the week-end before last.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S YOUNGEST FLAG OFFICER: Rear-Admiral A. R. Hezlet talks with a member of the guard of honour at a ceremony at Portsmouth. He became Head of the Submarine Branch last week and hoisted his flag in the submarine *Trenchant*. Later it was lowered and hoisted at Fort Blockhouse, the submarine headquarters ashore, after the flag of his predecessor, Rear-Admiral Taylor, had been struck. Rear-Admiral Hezlet is forty-five; the age of an officer appointed to the rank of rear-admiral is usually about fifty. As a lieutenant, Rear-Admiral Hezlet commanded the *Trenchant* during the war in the Far East, and sunk much Japanese shipping.

A CUBAN LEGISLATOR IN EUROPE: Professor Jimenez (left), the Director of the Cuban National Institute of Agrarian Reform, smokes a cigar at a Press conference in Amsterdam. He is with Senor Atala, the Latin-American Director of the Continental Import and Export Company, with whom Senor Jimenez had discussions during his tour of Europe. The Agrarian Reform Institute was set up last July to deal with the reforms promulgated by Dr. Castro. These aim at breaking up the large holdings of landlords and redistributing the plots to small farmers. Fears about the reforms have led to much of the recent political turmoil. The Institute has seized about 75,000 acres of land on which American companies had oil or mineral rights. Last week it was announced that companies holding concessions for petroleum exploitation would have to pay the Cuban Government 60 per cent. in money or kind of all petroleum or gas obtained.

A RUMANIAN MEDICAL SPECIALIST ON OLD AGE VISITS LONDON: Dr. Anna Aslan explains her methods to an audience of 200 members of the British medical profession. The sixty-one-year-old geriatrician (specialist in the treatment of old age) claimed that in her clinics she had obtained remarkable results in the regeneration of the aged by regular injections of a certain drug. She showed pictures of patients before and after treatment, including one of a man stated to be 113 years old. Dr. Aslan's work has attracted considerable attention, but in some British medical circles there is an opinion that her methods require stricter scientific examination before they can be regarded as fully proved, although no one doubts her sincere approach.

A PORTUGUESE EXILE'S TOUR OF WESTERN EUROPE: General Humberto Delgado, the unsuccessful Portuguese Presidential candidate in last year's election, reads a statement on his arrival at London Airport. This was his first stop on a private visit to Western Europe for the purpose of what he described as "putting the case against the totalitarian dictatorship of Portugal." He added that he believed an uprising against the Salazar regime might come "very soon." If this happened, he anticipated that the revolt would be started by the Army. Since last January the General has been in exile in Brazil, from where he directs the radical National Independence Movement in Portugal.

A DELEGATION FROM YEMEN TO THE SOVIET UNION: In the Kremlin, in Moscow, Mr. Alexei Kosygin, Vice-Chairman of the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers, receives Prince Seif ul-Islam Abd el-Rahman, the Yemeni Deputy-Foreign Minister and General Director of the Foreign Ministry. The Prince, who is a brother of the King of Yemen, was leading a delegation from his country to the Soviet Union. Among others who welcomed him and his fellow delegates in the Kremlin were Mr. Semyon Skachkov, Chairman of the State Committee of Soviet Foreign Economic Relations, and Mr. Vladimir Semyonov, the Deputy Foreign Minister. Later, on the same day, the Yemenis called on Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, for a talk. Because of its association with the United Arab Republic in the organisation known as the United Arab States, Yemen is undoubtedly regarded as of some importance in Russian policy plans for the Middle East during the Summit preparations.

THE BUSIEST CROSSROADS IN THE WORLD: The four-level intersection in Los Angeles is used by 320,000 vehicles a day. In the centre the main streams of traffic run from left to right, over the top level, and from the foreground to the background on the second-bottom level. The other two levels are used by vehicles leaving the main streams.

A KNOT OF ROADS IN CALIFORNIA: It is the distribution structure at East Bay which takes traffic round the coast and inland over the San Francisco-Oakland railroad. The gently curving roads taking the streams of traffic travelling across the various levels of the intersection each have four lanes for vehicles going in only one direction.

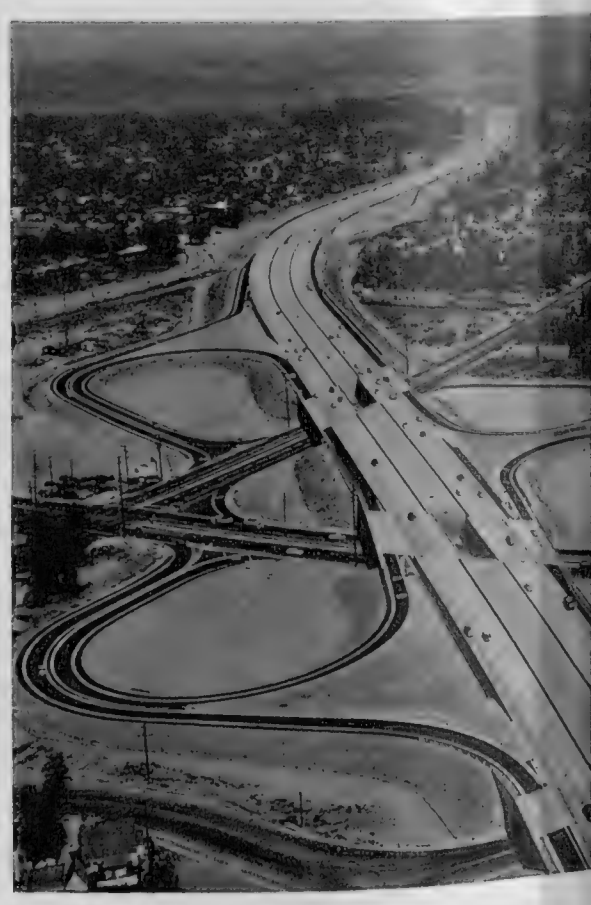
A CLOVERLEAF INTERSECTION: The pattern of highways is in Ma
The three-lane, dual-carriageway road running from th
cloverleaf system of slip roads, which is much favoured i

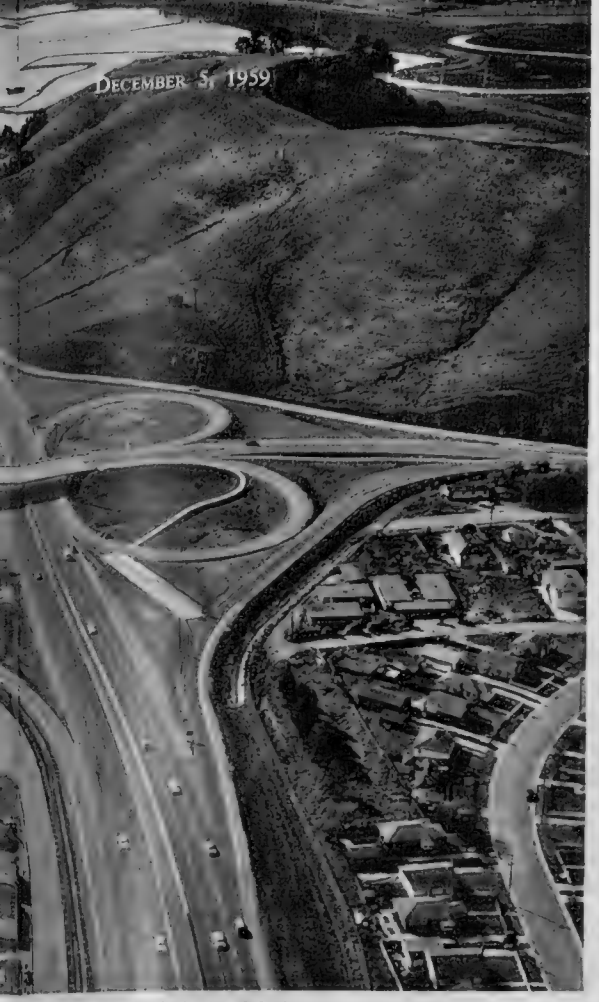
HIGHWAYS OF AMERICA

Dealing With Traffic on Roads in California

More families in the United States have cars than in any other country, and so it follows that measures to deal with the huge flow of traffic there must be in advance of those abroad. The pictures on these pages show how the streams of traffic are handled at major road intersections in California. Perhaps the most striking feature is the use made of roads at different levels, gettting rid of traffic lights and thus, as far as possible, avoiding the stopping of vehicles. Most of the roads have four lanes for traffic going in one direction only, and between the two carriageways on each freeway the dividing strip is wide enough to prevent cars swinging into the opposite traffic stream.

Whereas Britain's first major motorway, M.1, has no speed limit, in the United States there is no freeway on which speeds of over 70 m.p.h. are allowed. The maximum





Marin County, California, and is known as the Alto Intersection. the foreground to the background is U.S. Highway 101. The d in the United States, obviates nearly all waiting at junctions.

speed permitted on the New York State Thruway, which is the longest "toll expressway" in the world, being over 550 miles long, is 60 m.p.h. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which is 470 miles in length, the limit is 65 m.p.h. These maximum speeds can be cut in bad weather, such as fog or snow, by the State police, who patrol the roads twenty-four hours a day. A leading American traffic engineer, Mr. H. A. Barnes, who drove along M.1 when visiting this country, said that cars were overtaking him on it when he was travelling at 70 m.p.h. He stated that there were few drivers who could handle a car safely at these speeds and suggested that a limit be imposed at least temporarily.

Other criticisms Mr. Barnes made of the new British motorway concerned the narrowness of the dividing strip between the carriageways; the absence of reflectors on the centre supports of flyovers; and blinding headlights with no barriers in the centre of the road to mask them on corners. He said that, in America, roads have steel barriers in the centre, if not along the entire length, then on the corners; the barriers serve both as safety measures and as masks against headlights.

Since these criticisms were made, the Minister of Transport has authorised the erection of experimental barriers. Mr. Barnes earlier spoke of measures adopted in Baltimore, where he is Commissioner of the Department of Transit and Traffic, to avoid traffic congestion in cities. In Baltimore there is an electronic "brain" which sifts information on the traffic in the city and adjusts traffic-light changes to the most effective ones for dealing with the situation. The system has resulted in a threefold increase in traffic speed.

ANOTHER LOS ANGELES CROSSROADS. Set in the well-laid-out suburbs in the east of the Californian city, the intersection takes the Long Beach Freeway (running from left foreground) over the Santa Ana Freeway. The project, which is still under construction, will cost approximately £4,000,000 and replaces a series of one-level crossroads and junctions.

SPEEDING AMERICA'S TRAFFIC: The bridge, above, spanning Carquinez Strait is a new one. The interchange ramps connect the bridges with the town of Crockett and U.S. Highway 40. *Left*—Running from the foreground into the background is the San Bernardino Freeway passing through El Monte. The wide loops link the freeway with minor roads.

"THE SWARTHY REGIONS"

Conditions in the Rhondda Valley: There is Less Bitterness Among the Miners and a Strong Civic Pride in the Towns.

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TO many people who do not know Wales at all the Rhondda Valley *is* Wales. Few will pronounce the name correctly, but it is the one place in Wales which every Englishman knows with complete certainty to be in Wales, which is a good deal more than can be said, for example, of Tenby or Barmouth or Wrexham. Incidentally, this matter of the pronunciation of Welsh place-names casts a revealing light on the history of Anglo-Welsh relations and on the mentality of the English. (No: I am not a Welsh nationalist.) The average educated Englishman is very far from a good linguist, but many of them will take great pains to pronounce French, German, Italian or Spanish place-names correctly; will take pride in showing that they know that Badajoz, for example, is not pronounced as it is spelt.

Over the pronunciation of Welsh place-names there is no similar pride. Consider the old music-hall joke of rendering Cefn-y-bedd as "Seven-in-a-bed." It is good music-hall humour, of course; funny enough. But there is also about it something that is just a little contemptuous. I do not believe that the English are frightened by the imposing array of consonants so common in Welsh place-names. Once the elementary rules, which are simple enough, have been mastered, it is no more difficult to pronounce Trwynysgwrfa than it is to pronounce Congresbury or any number of other English place-names—Wymondham, for instance. A good deal easier; for there are definite rules governing the former, none whatever governing the latter. No, I am sure that the English inability, or, more correctly, the English refusal, to learn the correct pronunciation of Welsh place-names is born of a firm conviction that the Welsh ought not to have a language of their own.

IN THE RHONDDA: Behind the coal heaps and pithead machinery of Gelli Pit are huddled the rows of houses of Gelli, in Rhondda Fawr. The view was taken looking up the valley towards Treorchy. The layout of the mining towns of the Rhondda is generally similar, rows of houses built on the hillsides and stretching down the valleys.

But to return to the Rhondda Valley. It has been described as "a grim memorial to the greed of man," and "grim" is the adjective that seems to be applied automatically to this district by those who have never been there. I have just spent four days in the Rhondda. When I told a friend of mine that I was going there (he has never been), his reaction was typical: "Don't envy you; going to be pretty grim, isn't it?" I am not going to pretend that the Rhondda—there are two valleys, Rhondda Fawr and Rhondda Fach—is a beauty spot, not the actual valleys. Two hundred years ago, before industrialisation hit them, they must have been two of the most beautiful valleys in Britain.

But industrialisation hit them, and the people who came to work in them, harder, I think, than any other place in Britain. Even as early as 1847, and nobody was over-sensitive in those days, a Government Commissioner was moved to write: "the body and habits of the people are almost as dirty as the towns and houses of the swarthy regions in which they swarm; the people are savage in their manner, and mimic the repulsive rudeness of those in authority over them."

Three years later, visiting Merthyr Tydfil, not in the Rhondda, but in the neighbouring valley of the Taff, which joins the Rhondda at Pontypridd, Carlisle was as horrified: "Such a set of unguided, fierce and miserable-looking sons of Adam I never saw before. Ah me! It is like a vision of Hell, and will never leave me, that of these poor creatures toiling all in sweat and dirt, amid their furnaces, pits and rolling mills. The town might be one of the prettiest places in the world. It *is* one of the sootiest, squalidest and ugliest; all cinders, and dust-mounds and soot . . . even the physical condition of the people seems almost as if contrived for the double purpose of their degradation and the employers' profit." A grim picture. It should be remembered that when those two descriptions were written the population was small. In 1840 under a thousand people lived in the two Rhondda valleys. By 1871 the population had reached 20,000: in 1901 it was over 100,000: in 1923 it was 168,000.

This vast, and exceptionally rapid, increase was housed in long terraces of small houses; mean little houses, many of them. The layout, at least, was not the fault of the employers. It was imposed by topography. These valleys were never suitable as building-sites. The rivers have cut deep gorges through the mountains. A ridge nearly 2,000 ft. high separates the Rhondda Fawr from the Rhondda Fach. And the valleys are narrow. Houses were built up the steep slopes as far as possible, but there was always a point above which building was impossible. So the towns spread out in strings along the valleys, one town knotting into the next, while the hills above them stood bare, staring down on the higgedly-piggedly terraced mass, on deep wells of bitterness. So they stand to-day.

There is still bitterness. Far too much of the past in the Rhondda was bad, too bad to be easily, to be soon, forgotten. These valleys suffered to an extreme degree the horrors of the first industrialism: child labour, excessively long hours, sordid conditions, unfair (that is a polite word) methods of payment. All this happened elsewhere, too, but the very nature of coal-mining, the cramped conditions in these narrow valleys, made them that much the worse here. The seeds sown then still live. Perhaps, if coal-mining had always flourished, the past would have been forgotten. The slump, and the dreadful privations that were then experienced, manured the seed afresh. No one who had personal knowledge of the valleys in those days, and I had quite a lot, can be surprised that to-day they provide Socialism with some of its most massive majorities.

But that is but one side of the Rhondda. The astonishing thing about these valleys is that throughout the years of oppression and depression the people have maintained a whole host of interests, physical and cultural. This is the land of great Rugby footballers and great boxers: the land of greyhound breeders and pigeon fanciers: the land of the chapels (Bethels, Ebenezers, Zoars), many of them with their services in Welsh: this is the land of the public library and the evening institute, of the brass band and the male voice choir.

Here love of education is almost as consuming a passion as love of music, and here you will find some of the best male voice choirs in a land famous for them. You cannot be in the Rhondda for very long without realising that these folk must have drawn strength and courage from somewhere. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills": it has been true of these people for more than a hundred years. There are hills all around, as untamed as they were before industry smote the valleys.

When I was, off and on, in the Rhondda in the late '20's and early '30's, there was a savage, aggressive bitterness only just beneath the surface. There was much political-sociological talk; especially among the young. You would see groups of thin, earnest, young men at the street corners, and as often as not you would hear some budding politician declaring that "the bourgeoisie must be finally and completely eliminated." I have never known what precisely is covered by the term "bourgeoisie," but I feel sure that it must embrace quite a number of Labour's present leaders, including land-owner Aneurin Bevan, from the neighbouring valley of the Ebbw: which is quite a thought. They did not want to eliminate anybody, for you will not find kinder or more hospitable people anywhere. It was the system that had brought them to this pass that they wanted eliminated.

Now, there are no groups at street corners: at least, I saw none. The Rhondda has changed. By the end of the depression the population had fallen to 141,000: to-day the population of the Rhondda Urban District is only a little over 100,000, though that still leaves it as the second densest in England and Wales, being exceeded, I believe, only by Harrow. The figures provide a potted, but illuminating, picture of the rise and fall of the coal industry in these parts. The future of coal is not such as to bring encouragement to the valleys. One would expect the Rhondda to be depressed. It is not. There are many new industries and there is an unmistakable air of well-being.

There are still the long strings of terraced houses, many of them brightly painted, not only the windows and the doors but sometimes the whole house, all the outer walls. Pink, green, bright blue, red, cream: it may sound garish, but the patches of bright colour along the drab roadsides, up the steep slopes is, in fact, enchanting. On the roof-line is a forest of television aerials. Nor is this the only sign of well-being: you will see such signs as "Treorchy Working Men's Club: Car Park for Members Only." And you have only got to go to Pontypridd to realise what has happened to the Rhondda since the war.

Pontypridd lies at the foot of the valleys, at the junction of Taff and Rhondda. It has a population of under 40,000 and is still mainly a mining town, not the sort of place where you would expect to find really good shops and a first-class hotel. But that is what you do find. Pontypridd has become a social and recreational centre for the whole neighbourhood, and its shops and street markets are on a scale far in excess of what you would expect in a much bigger town. They could not flourish (as they undoubtedly do) if there was not plenty of money. The local authorities have played their part, too: in Pontypridd and throughout the valleys.

There is a strong civic pride in these huddled industrial towns; one anxious not to lag behind the other. The Councils have improved living conditions out of all knowledge. Now you will find well-kept public buildings, good street lighting, parks, all sorts of social amenities. But all this has another side to it. Symptomatic of this is the decline in attendance at the miners' institutes. This is not just because there are fewer miners. It is because there is the "telly" at home. Prosperity (hire-purchase, if you like) is breaking down, and breaking down very rapidly, the old clannish feeling. You no longer get the impression that this is a community on the defensive, banded together; bitter, wary, distrustful.

There is still bitterness, but a little deeper beneath the surface perhaps, among the older folk. It would be surprising if there were not, but it is not evident among the younger generation. They did not know the real depression or have very faint memories of it. They do not look to the past, but to the future. I did not, this time, hear any talk of eliminating the bourgeoisie. On the contrary, it struck me that they were all—and especially the women—only too anxious to become bourgeoisie, and the sooner the better. If things go on as they are, this change in atmosphere is going to have big political implications at the next General Election.

AROUND THE MARGINS OF THE SEA

The Famous Lighthouses on the British Coast; Revolutionary Developments in Design; British Optical Equipment Used All Over the World

By JOHN MAY

OUT in the Atlantic, the voyager standing under clear night skies on the deck of a homeward-bound ship first glimpses England as a double-flashing light from eighteen miles away. The light is from the giant Bishop Rock lighthouse, rearing high from a pinnacle of rock four miles west of the Scilly Isles. Then the Wolf Rock lighthouse, the Lizard light, the famous double-flashing Eddystone lighthouse, and, finally, the light on Plymouth Breakwater guide the ship towards harbour. Despite radio, radar and all new navigational aids, the light a mariner can see in the night, which tells him by its colour and timing of winks or flashes exactly where he is and where heading, remains the best of all sign-posts on the sea-road. Even though some lighthouses still burn paraffin and use a mantle on the lines of a cottager's table lamp, no navigation aid on a ship's bridge can replace them. The lighthouse engineering industry, in fact, is booming both in Britain and throughout the world.

New coasts, such as those of Liberia, the west of India, and parts of Malaya are developing rapidly and need lighting. In the Pacific, many lights smashed by the Japanese in wartime are being replaced. Undersea oil-drilling operations in such places as Trinidad and Venezuela, and new ship-loading stations for such minerals as bauxite offshore from Ghana and British Guiana, call for more lights to warn shipping of new hazards and to guide them. In Britain, few lighthouses have been built since the last century, but their equipment is continually being brought up to date, and oil replaced with electricity.

A wood fire in a brazier on top of a tower was the first type of lighthouse. On the island of St. Agnes, in the Scillies, a coal-fire tower with a glazed lantern, erected in 1680, still stands as a sea-mark, although it was discontinued as a lighthouse in 1911. Coal smoke blackened the lantern's glass, and so the builders of the first three Eddystone towers tried candles; the last

Below—

THE SKERRIES: The lighthouse is built on a dangerous cluster of rocks off Carmel Head, on the North Welsh coast. It is situated on a bird migration route and is one of the lighthouses used to assist the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds by erecting bird perches on the tower during the migratory seasons.

EDDYSTONE: One of the two tallest lighthouses in Great Britain, it is built on the Eddystone Rocks eight miles to the south of Rame Head, marking isolated reefs in the open sea on the way to Plymouth. It stands 136½ ft. high from base to gallery, and was erected in the late 19th century. The stump in the foreground is the base of the previous lighthouse.

(Photographs on this page by Aerofilms)

of them put twenty-four candles around a two-tier chandelier. In 1782 the first oil lamp for lighthouses appeared. It used fish oil. With mineral oil came the development of vaporised oil-burners and incandescent mantles, and then mirrors for projecting a pencil beam of light.

The largest British firm in lighthouse engineering (with a Swedish and a French firm its only comparable world rivals) originated when Chance Brothers, glass-makers of Birmingham, turned, in 1850, to the new French idea of making glass lenses for concentrating the light from lighthouses. Soon they were also manufacturing the mechanical parts, burners, towers, fog signals, and generating plants for electrical lighthouse systems. Thus grew the engineering division attached to the glass works of which Pilkingtons took control in 1954. The lighthouse engineering side was sold to Stone-Platt Industries, and became Stone-Chance Limited, with a new factory in Crawley, Sussex.

The Bishop Rock and the Fastnet lights are famous installations by Stone-Chance. The firm is very proud of Eddystone, where they installed the present oil-light in 1882. By 1960, Trinity House will have converted Eddystone to electric filament lamp illumination, fed by the lighthouse's own generators; the new installation is again by Stone-Chance. Recently, the Crawley factory has produced the entire equipment for a new Mersey light vessel which starts service at the end of 1959, and a 5,000,000-candle-power light (the most powerful installed for years) for a headland in North-West India. In remote tropical locations in the Far East, West Africa and the West Indies, Stone-Chance have installed forty new electric lighthouses for operation by unskilled local keepers.

They are foolproof. Each uses three diesel-generating plants, so that if one is being overhauled there is still a spare. If the operating plant goes wrong through neglect (say, of sump oil level), if the main lamp fails, or if the re-winder fails to lift the weights that provide

(Continued on following pages)

THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNGENESS, IN KENT: The painting shows the design of the first lighthouse to be built in Britain since the early days of this century. It will be erected by Trinity House to replace the present structure, which will be hidden by the nuclear power station being built at Dungeness. The architects and engineers for the new lighthouse are Ronald Ward and Partners.

MAKING THE OPTICAL EQUIPMENT: A fitter at the works of Stone-Chance Limited adjusts the automatic lamp changer for a power beam beacon (right). The firm is one of three major lighthouse equipment contractors in the world and is responsible for work on lighthouses all over the world. Stone-Chance are making new equipment for the Eddystone lighthouse to replace that which Chance Brothers made in 1882.

On left—

THE DANGER OF FOG: At the Stone-Chance Works at Crawley, in Sussex, fog detection equipment, consisting of projector searchlights surmounted by telescopes, is checked. From the amount of light reflected back from any obstruction in the atmosphere to the telescope, the presence of fog is automatically detected.

AROUND THE MARGINS OF THE SEA

(*Continued from previous page*)

power to rotate the lens, then a loud electric bell rings continuously until the keeper puts things right. For the guidance of the visiting mechanic who comes around every three months, an indicator records the cause of engine failure . . . and *cannot* be reset by the keeper. Mr. K. C. Sutton-Jones, the Stone-Chance surveyor who has travelled 500,000 miles on lighthouse business in the past dozen years, told me shrewdly, " This has proved an effective inducement to careful light-keeping ! "

In some electrically-controlled installations for the Northern Lighthouse Board in Scotland's outer isles, I doubt whether the indicator will ever have to tell tales about the cautious Scots, with their love of engines. The high tradition of lights and light-keeping around the comparatively tiny British Isles sets a standard for the world. Stone-Chance also made the U.S.A.'s Ambrose Channel light, the 5,000,000 candle-power of which makes it the most powerful light ever installed on a ship anywhere. British lights from the same factory shine out at the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and all around New Zealand and Australia.

On the light-keeping side, England's Trinity House has been managing seamarks and lighthouses " whereby may ships the better come unto their ports without peril " since Elizabeth I gave them the job by Act of Parliament. Light-keeping was incredibly tough in its early days. When the Smalls light, off the Welsh coast, was a mere wooden tower, one of the two keepers on it died. Bad weather prevented relief, so the dead man's mate lashed the body to the gallery rail, since there was nowhere else in a lighthouse. Only after four months was it possible to approach the light by sailing-boat. The survivor was brought ashore crazed and practically starved. Light-keeping was often a family job. The classic story tells how Grace Horsley Darling gallantly helped her father, keeper of the Longstone light, off Sunderland, to rescue five men from a wreck in a storm by risking her life in a small rowing boat.

Loneliness and getting on one another's nerves to the point of madness were constant hazards. This was why wives ashore once arm-wagged their gossip to light-keeping husbands by semaphore at such stations as Longships light, a mile from Land's End. The job still entails endless stair-climbing from one floor to another; some British lighthouses are more than 50 *yards* high ! Studying birds and moths attracted by the light is frequently the keepers' hobby. At such lights as the Eddystone, they fish for food by kite, sometimes catching bass and pollock up to 14 lbs. But radio telephones, broadcasting, electric lighting, automatic equipment, refrigerators for food storage, and other improvements have lightened the keeper's task. He still gets no week-ends off. But he gains experience and a change of scene by being posted at intervals of a few years from one light to another. On rock stations, the toughest part of the service, he always has two companions, and does two months' duty followed by a month off-duty ashore.

To-day, Trinity House employs some 200 lighthouse keepers and attendants for its 53 manned and 40 unmanned lighthouses, and nearly 400 men for its 34 manned light vessels. Including head office staff, buoy keepers, depot and workshop staff, and the crews of lighthouse tenders, the total is approximately 1,400. Incidentally, light-keepers have their own Lighthouse Keepers' Branch of the Transport and General Workers Union, which never has a rowdy meeting. They conduct all business by post. Money for maintaining the Trinity House light-keeping organisation, the Northern Lighthouse Board which looks after Scottish lights, and the Commissioners of Irish Lights (covering the Irish Republic as well as Northern Ireland) comes from the General Lighthouse Fund, made up of dues collected from ships entering British and Irish harbours.

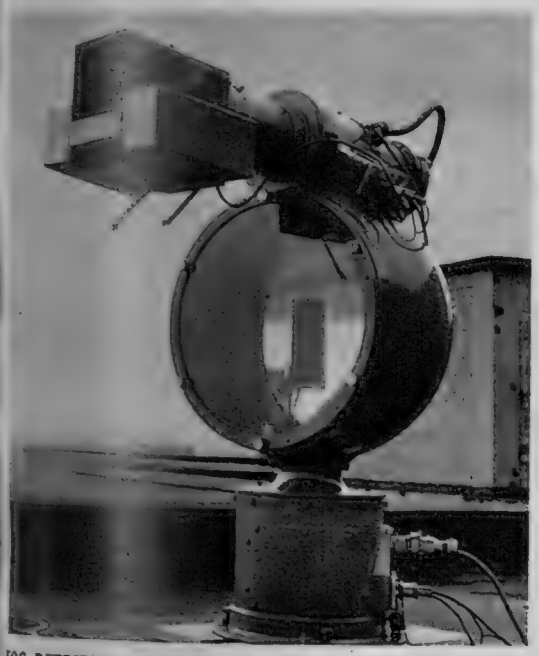
Now the hazards of light-keeping are being tamed by technology. The Corporation of Trinity House maintains its own research staff, which works continually to evolve more efficient and smaller electric and electronic equipment to replace the old, bulky but efficient lights and fog signals in the stone-towered lighthouses around Britain. Most of this work is carried on at the Dungeness experimental station. Unlike lights that have been threatened or engulfed by the sea, Dungeness light, on the south coast of Kent, tends to get left ashore as shingle builds up seawards. In addition, the nuclear power station will eventually obscure the existing light. Accordingly, the old low light is being demolished and used as a site for an entirely new installation. A new light source has already been well tested this year above the old lantern at Dungeness. Instead of an electric filament lamp (the four-kilowatt size being about a foot in diameter), the light is of the high-pressure xenon gas discharge type originally developed for cinema film projection. No larger in diameter than an ordinary 25-watt domestic lamp, it is capable of beam intensities up to a million candle-power.

The heavy man-high lens system, rotating on a mercury bath, which is used for high-power vaporised oil lights, is no longer necessary for such a light source. As the lamp can be flashed on and off, and the light source is compact, a much smaller non-rotating lens can be used. Trinity House has been working, too, on the many problems of fog signalling for the times when, in bad visibility, lights can hardly be seen. If the transparency of the atmosphere decreases by a tenth, the light must be roughly ten times as bright to obtain the same range as on a clear night. Now, some years of research have just produced an automatic fog-warning device.

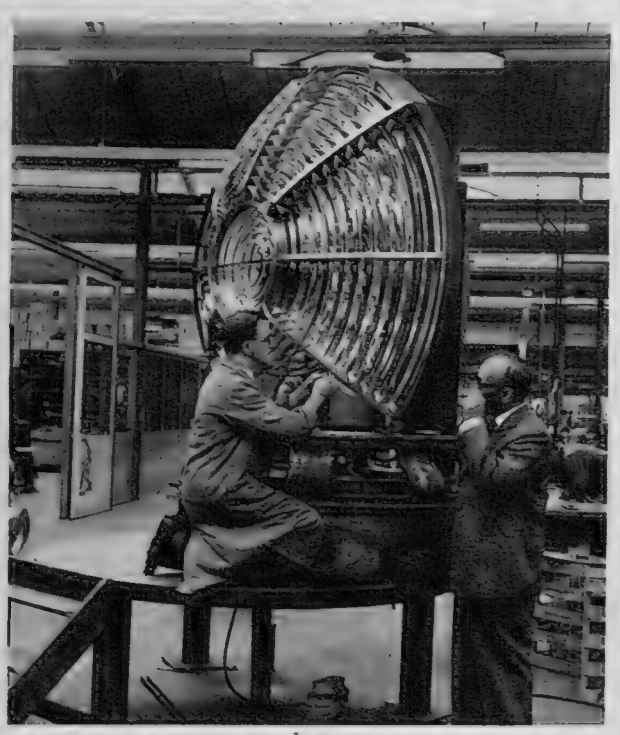
The basic principle is one known to all winter car-drivers: that light, as from their headlights, is reflected back from fog. The automatic fog-warning apparatus, now

A NEW FOG-WARNING SYSTEM: Situated at Dungeness, it consists of a bank of public address speakers. They are designed to transmit three notes simultaneously.

POLISHER AT WORK: Optic prisms are given their final polishing. The basic invention of using glass prisms to give a concentrated beam of light was made in 1822.



FOG DETECTION: Made by Stone-Chance, the searchlight projects a 30,000,000-candle-power beam. At the top is a telescope which picks up the reflected light.



FOR AN INDIAN LIGHTHOUSE: Mr. Lahiri (right), Director-General of the Department of Lighthouses and Lightships for the Indian Government, inspects optical equipment.

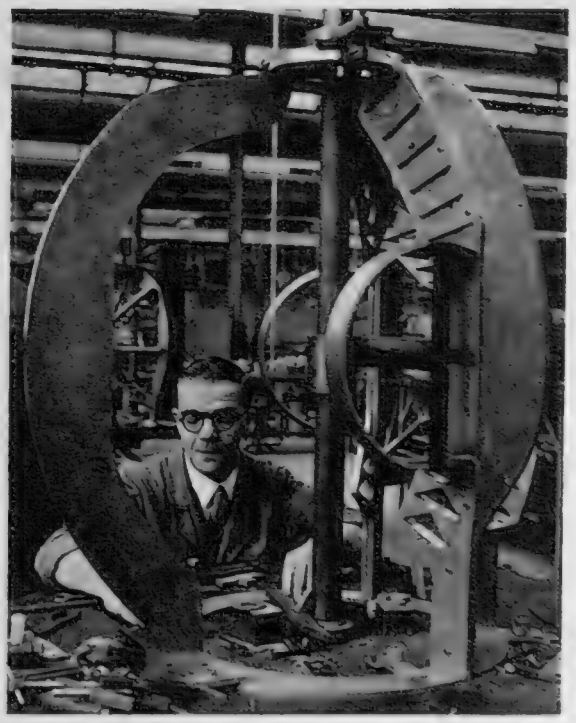
THE EARLY STAGES: The ends of a horseshoe of rough glass are ground before it is fixed on to the grinding tables for the final processes at the Stone-Chance Works.

being made under Trinity House licence by Stone-Chance Limited, consists of a rotating electric "headlight" combined with a telescope which collects back-scatter light reflected by fog, converting this by photo-electric means to an index of the visibility range. To link automatically with this fog-warning device, Trinity House research engineers have evolved a fog signal employing electric emitters, like public-address loudspeakers.

In some places round Britain, fog signalling is still done by explosive charges or by bells. These are being replaced by modern electric and compressed-air signals. The diaphone compressed-air signal emits a doleful but usefully characteristic note that can be heard up to nine miles away, and some lighthouse engineers consider that this grunting warning is still the best fog-signalling device. But all sound signals have to contend with changing wind, temperature and humidity, as well as with local noise, inefficiencies of the human ear, and strange, silent zones that sometimes occur surprisingly close to the signal. In the new Dungeness lighthouse, Trinity House engineers plan to have a stack of loudspeakers as part of the tower. The sound from such a source, they claim, can be concentrated where required, and the note controlled to hit off the most audible combination of frequencies.

The new Dungeness light will be typical of coming developments in lighthouses and lightships. Its small stationary moulded lens, its small but intense light source, its automatic fog signalling, and its electric control that switches the light on at night and off in the day, inevitably suggest that the present-day style of light-keeping will eventually be a job of the past. Radio beacons, radar reflectors and such electronic devices are already in use and must inevitably increase. But the light that the naked eye can see and understand will not be superseded. It may shine from simpler lanterns in towers built of steel rather than the interlocking blocks of dovetailed stone, chained internally together, of which some present-day towers are built. It may shine from sea platforms with adjustable legs reaching to sea-bottom (as used for oil-drilling beneath the sea-bed), rather than from the gimballed lanterns of lightships. But the light will still shine.

Many of the 600 major and 1,000 minor lights around the British Isles will eventually be automatic, although they will not be switched on by a watchman with a master switch at Trinity House. Old and new systems will overlap and change over the years, just as the coast grows and recedes under the influence of tide and storm.



DESTINED FOR ITALY: A senior technician builds up the optic frame, ordered for an Italian lighthouse. British optical equipment is used all over the world.

The Sphere of Travel

SEA VOYAGES IN THE SPRING

A Variety of Suggestions for Cruises to Madeira, the Canaries, the Mediterranean, Israel, the Lofotens, the West Indies and Round the World

By GORDON COOPER

SURELY there can be no more fascinating travel dream than to imagine one is on a well-found ship travelling through warm seas. There is the delight of coming in at dawn in some foreign port, with all the expectations of discoveries ashore. But this need not be a pipe dream, for there is now an increasing number of opportunities of spending time afloat, probably thinking of your friends at home who may be freezing, while you are sunbathing and swimming—only a few days from Southampton. Spring comes early in many more southern lands than in our own, and while in this article I bring to your attention some of the sea cruises which are now available, I must also point out that if none of these quite suits your requirements then by applying to a specialist travel agent you may well find he can arrange a sea trip to meet your special needs.

Undoubtedly, the most popular of the shorter sea cruises is that which makes a round tour to Madeira and the Canaries. There is this added advantage that you can arrange to break your journey at one or all of the islands, for the same return fare. At Madeira or Tenerife, for instance, the normal stay can be for ten, eleven or twenty-one days, or for correspondingly longer periods. The two main shipping companies catering for this corner of Europe (for both Madeira and the Canaries are regarded, politically, as part of the mainland) are the Bergen Line and the Greek Line.

The Bergen Line *Venus*, fitted with anti-roll stabilisers, makes regular round voyages of over 3,000 miles from Southampton to and from the islands, while in the case of the last two trips (March 23 and April 6) there are extra ports of call, Casablanca and Agadir. In both instances there are reasonable stays in port to allow sight-seeing and possible excursions. On this one-class ship, fares for the round trip are from £74—£85 for the two longer voyages.

With the Greek Line, the *Arkadia* is the ship used on the sailings, with departures from Southampton every twelve days until next April. On its itinerary calls are made at Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas and Casablanca, with a visit to Lisbon on the March 16 trip. Having sailed on this particular ship, I can commend its all-round excellence, and it is a truly " happy " vessel. The minimum cruise rate is £70. Personally, though, I think that for comfort and the whole joy of holiday cruising it is always better to consider berths at higher rates, for by paying a little more and by securing the very best accommodation you can afford, then you can really enjoy yourself and feel lapped in luxury. This advice applies to all cruises in any part of the world.

Two other ways of travelling to the Canaries are on Spanish ships, one regular service being from London (or Liverpool), with a stay in the Canaries of sixteen days, the inclusive cost, with good hotel accommodation, being only 70 guineas. The other approach is via Barcelona, reached by air or overland, whence a ship leaves every fortnight (with double cabins) or monthly (with single cabins). Ten to twelve days are spent at sea, with a ten-day stay in the Canaries, and the total cost is £70. For further details of these voyages to the Canaries, also other opportunities, I suggest contacting Informal Travels.

Another Greek Line cruise is by the *Olympia* which, during the course of a luxury trip in the Mediterranean, lasting fifty-one days, visits twenty-four ports in fourteen countries including Europe, North Africa, the Russian Black Sea ports of Odessa and Yalta, Constanza in Rumania and Dubrovnik in Yugoslavia. British travellers join the *Olympia* at Casablanca, having sailed out by the *Arkadia*, while the return is made from Lisbon by the same ship. The minimum rate for the round trip is £360.

Pleasant cruises in the Eastern Mediterranean can also be made by other shipping lines. There are three holidays available by the *Meteor* of the Bergen Line, leaving Venice (March 1), Genoa (March 21) and Venice (April 9). There are slightly different itineraries in each case, but all include some Greek islands, while the last tour brings you to Tel Aviv in time to visit Jerusalem for Easter. At this period special permits can be obtained by Christians enabling them to cross over to the holy places in the Jordanian zone of the city.

There are regular weekly sailings from Brindisi to Corfu, Piraeus and Rhodes by the Nomikos Lines. During the week's itinerary calls are made at some interesting ports, while, in addition, stop-overs can be arranged, and there are opportunities to make visits by regular services from Piraeus to the Ægean Islands, Dodecanese and Crete. I would point out that the early spring can be most delightful in Greece. Somewhat more formal are the classical spring cruises organised by Fairways and Swinford, Swans, and Oceanways. These tours start in early April and their itineraries include visits to many historical and often seldom visited classical sites, Byzantine monuments and Crusader castles in Greece, Turkey and the Middle East. Accompanying these tours are classical scholars. Prices range from around £80, but for proper comfort and satisfaction I consider a higher-priced berth is necessary.

The individual traveller might also consider planning with the help of a specialist travel agent other tours in Greek waters. These could include stop-overs in such islands as Mykonos, Crete and Rhodes, all of which offer delightful climatic conditions in the early spring. And Hickie Borman run an " Illyrian Spring " cruise (May 18-June 2) which has an attractive and leisurely itinerary. Yet another combined sea and resort holiday is to travel by the Zim Line between Marseilles and Israel, where there is a variety of inclusive arrangements available. You have the choice, for instance, of staying at a first-class hotel in Herzlia (near Tel Aviv) or of going to the fascinating Red Sea port of Eilat, where you can enjoy skin-diving, coral fishing and sailing; also real warmth.

Before leaving European waters, I would draw attention to the Lofotens

MADEIRA

The villas and houses of the small town of Machico are scattered up the sides of the Machico Valley. Some 17 miles from Funchal, the town lies in a small bay and has a harbour and fishing industry. There are many winter and spring cruises, run by various shipping lines, to Madeira.

EATING IN THE AIR

I have often wondered what constitutes the appeal of various airlines. All lines get you to your destination, according to timetable and in comfort. All lines, too, are tied to I.A.T.A. regulations regarding meals, especially in the tourist class. But when it comes to first-class passengers the choice is unlimited. Swissair, for instance, now issue a 3-ft. menu to intending travellers, from which they have the choice of six *hors-d'œuvre*, three soups, ten main dishes (from *filet mignon* to roast pheasant), six desserts, while special tastes, such as Kosher foods, diabetics and babies are also catered for. From this groaning air board you make your choice, forwarding your selection to the Catering Section, and then wait, hungrily I hope, for the meal itself.

tour arranged by the Fred Olsen Line. There are four departures during March and April, taking you to the Norwegian Lofotens, the scene of the world's greatest cod fisheries. Here, yearly, thousands of boats and upwards of 35,000 fishermen gather and the harbours and the streets of the little towns that shelter under the great snow-capped peaks are a bright patchwork of colour and activity. This unique tour lasts fourteen days, and with excursions costs £49 18s. inclusive. Sailings begin and terminate at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Now I take you to the West Indies, where you can be certain of warmth and delightful bathing. The last tour of the French Line is now fully booked, but you could consider travelling on a freighter of the same line, the round tour to the French West Indian islands, with sailings from French Channel ports, costing £120 (first class); only twelve passengers are carried. Another possibility is rather more extended freighter voyages on Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian and Scandinavian ships, with a duration of two months, the fares being £200-£280 according to type of cabin and ship.

Informal Travels offer an attractive opportunity to see some Indian Ocean islands infrequently visited by Britons. Sailings are monthly on modern French vessels having most comfortable accommodation and excellent cuisine. Accommodation is for twelve to fifty passengers in one- to two-bed porthole cabins, with private shower and toilet. Among the ports called at are Suez, Djibuti, Aden, ports in Madagascar, Reunion, and Port Louis in Mauritius. The duration of the voyage is three to four months, and the inclusive cost is from £320 to £420. This is assuredly the kind of sea trip which I would wish to take—if only one had the time.

Time also is needed if you wish to go round the world by ship. Here you have a couple of recommended tours, one taking sixty-one days in a large Dutch luxury air-conditioned liner, with tourist fares from £268, and first-class from £414. Suez, Colombo, Singapore, Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, Panama, Curaçao, Miami and Bermuda are among the ports of call; the second world tour takes longer—150 days—and it includes a different itinerary: Canaries, South and East Africa, Pakistan and India, Ceylon and Australia, New Zealand, Panama, United States and Bermuda. The total cost of this especial tour, first-class throughout, with excursions at many places of call, is from 990 guineas. Informal Travels can supply further particulars.

My final suggestion is a round voyage to South America, either by Royal Mail Lines, for the eastern side, or by the Pacific Line, for the west coast. Then there are the sea and river voyages up the mighty Amazon into the heart of Brazil by the liners of the Booth Line; this is a delightful eight-week voyage, the first-class fares being from £300. Perhaps, however, the best travel bargain to this part of the world is that offered by the German Laeisz Line, which takes you on a round trip to Curaçao, through the Panama Canal to Guayaquil and Balboa. For a trip of thirty-six days' duration the fare is £150, with embarkation and disembarkation at Hamburg, but there are sailings which call at Dover. Stelp and Leighton are the agents.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Informal Travels, 45, *Queensway*, *London*, *W.2.*
Stelp and Leighton Ltd., 9-13, *Fenchurch Buildings*, *E.C.3.*
Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., 39, *Jermyn St.*, *S.W.1.*
Northern Transport Agency Ltd., 47-48, *Duke St.*, *S.W.1.*
Oceanways Ltd., 23, *Haymarket*, *S.W.1.*
Fairways and Swinford, 18, *St. George Street*, *W.1.*
Swans, 260, *Tottenham Court Road*, *W.1.*
Hickie Borman, 24, *Charles II Street*, *S.W.1.*

GIBRALTAR

The view is from O'Hara's Battery, looking across the catchments down the precipitous slopes, towards the coast of Spain. Although best known as the gateway to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar offers enjoyable facilities for holidays, especially during the winter.

TRAVEL DOCUMENTS FOR CARS: REDUCED AIR EXCURSION FARES

Although so many people take their cars abroad these days there is still some confusion about the travel documents required. A British driving licence, but not a provisional one, is all that is necessary in Andorra, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia (visits of thirty days only), Denmark, France, West Germany, Holland, Italy, Eire, Luxembourg, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Yugoslavia (transit only). An international driving permit issued by the A.A. or R.A.C. is essential in all other countries. It should be remembered, however, that this regulation only applies to drivers of cars which are registered in this country. If you hire a car or use a foreign registered car, then an international driving permit is required.

An international certificate for motor vehicles is needed in countries other than the list quoted above. But for those in the list and Greece, Portugal and Spain a car-registration book is sufficient.

A good deal of interest has been aroused by the news that air fares in Europe will be considerably reduced from April 1, 1960. It should be pointed out that normal first-class and tourist fares from London are not being changed, although, in fact, some slight reductions will be made for those from provincial airports. It is in the realm of excursion fares, particularly on night tourist services, that striking reductions are being made. They will be valid for twenty-three days only and will not be available for travel on Saturdays or Sundays. Again, they will only apply to the summer of 1960 and will end on September 30. It will be seen that there will be no reduction in fares of economy-class level, but only reductions in excursion fares, which will mainly affect the holidaymaking public. The main object is to employ fully aircraft available during the night as well as the day.

Some reductions will be greater than others. You will be able to fly from London to Paris, return, for less than £10, and to Brussels, return, for £10 19s., Amsterdam for £12 12s., Copenhagen for £29 8s., and Lisbon for £37 1s., return in each case. The last is likely to be the best reduction of all. The ordinary tourist fare is £60 12s., while the first-class fare is £80 13s. return. There is a chance that similar cuts will be made on the London—Gibraltar and London—Malta services, but, at the time of writing, that had not yet been decided.

On the same day as the new fares come into operation the Comet 4B will be introduced by B.E.A. on its services to Nice, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Germany and Athens. The new Vanguard will be used on the London—Paris service during the summer.

Some other cheap fares have just been announced by Eagle Airways for two departures to Bermuda and Nassau, in mid-December and mid-January. The return fare to Bermuda will be £124, and to Nassau £154. Departures will be from London on Sundays, December 13 and January 10, and the return flights will leave Bermuda on Tuesday, December 15, and Tuesday, January 12.

W. D. C. C.

OLD AND NEW WARSHIPS

An American Submarine; a British Cruiser; and a French Aircraft-Carrier

On right—

PUTTING IN FOR REPAIRS: Her crew on deck, the United States submarine *Threadfin* sails past Royal Navy vessels in Valetta Grand Harbour. She was putting into Malta for repairs to damage she received while passing through the Suez Canal; the submarine had been in collision with a Greek cargo-vessel. Royal Navy frogmen carried out a survey on *Threadfin* and afterwards she went into the former Naval dockyard, now owned by Bailey (Malta) Ltd., for repairs. *Threadfin* is one of eighty-nine submarines in the Balao class, all of which were constructed at various yards in the United States in 1943 and 1944. In order to facilitate the building of the submarines they were of all-welded construction. The average time of building was nine months. *Threadfin* has a radius of operations of 12,000 miles at 10 knots. She carries ten 21-in. torpedo tubes.

On right—

IN VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR: H.M.S. *Birmingham*, on the eve of her departure, is floodlit as a farewell gesture to the people of Malta. The cruiser, having completed her last task—exercises with Spanish warships—remained in Grand harbour until her departure for Plymouth on Monday of last week. *Birmingham* will remain in the reserve fleet for six months and then be sold for scrap. Built by H.M. Dockyard, Devonport, between 1935 and 1937, *Birmingham* is in the Southampton class of cruisers, presently with three ships, others having already been scrapped. She has a standard displacement of 9,100 tons and her 75,000-h.p. turbines give her a top speed of 32·5 knots. She has a radius of 7,000 miles at 14 knots. With her sister ship *Newcastle*, *Birmingham* was reconstructed and modernised between 1950 and 1952. Her other sister ship, *Sheffield*, underwent extensive modifications in 1956-57.

On left—

A NEW FRENCH WARSHIP: *Clemenceau* makes a sweeping turn to starboard during her first sea trials in the Atlantic. She is a new aircraft-carrier, constructed at Brest, for the French Navy, and is the first to be built in France since the war. Laid down in 1955 and launched almost two years ago, *Clemenceau* will not be commissioned to enter into active service for another eighteen months. A sister ship, the *Foch*, is now building at St. Nazaire. *Clemenceau* has a standard displacement of 22,000 tons; her length is 833½ ft., her maximum breadth 151 ft., and her depth 25 ft. On her angled flight-deck, measuring 815 ft. overall, are two runways and she can take sixty aircraft, including jets. There are two lifts, one of them on the starboard deck edge, two steam catapults, and mirror-sight deck-landing aids. *Clemenceau's* main armament consists of eight 3·9-in. automatic anti-aircraft guns, each with a rate of fire of sixty rounds per minute. Propelling machinery comprises steam turbines developing 126,000 s.h.p. Her maximum speed is 32 knots. In her bunkers the aircraft-carrier has space for 4,000 tons of oil fuel, giving her a radius of 7,500 miles at 18 knots and 4,800 miles at 24 knots. Her crew totals 2,700 officers and men.

MAJOR DEVELOPMENTS IN THE STEEL INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT is nearly fifty years since the first electric arc furnace for the production of steel was installed in this country; but the last two years have seen more progress in this kind of steelmaking in Britain than had occurred between 1919 and 1958. Until last year, though electric steel production had grown to the respectable total of more than a million ingot tons a year, production from the arc furnace was confined to the making of alloy steels, where the precise control over quality that electric processes can give is of great importance, or to steel foundries, where what is required is a steadily controlled vessel that can supply small amounts of steel at frequent and irregular intervals.

Last year, however, electric furnaces for the production of plain carbon steel were put in by two of Britain's smaller steel companies, Round Oak Steelworks Ltd. and Brymbo Steelworks Ltd. Round Oak has put in two 60-ton arc furnaces and Brymbo three 40-ton furnaces (in which it will use metal partly pre-refined in a special vessel with oxygen, according to new techniques developed in co-operation with the British Iron and Steel Research Association). These two furnace installations have come into operation during this year, adding about half a million tons of ordinary carbon steel to the special steels already produced by arc furnaces in British works.

This month the United Steel Companies, which already own in the works of their subsidiary Samuel Fox a 60-ton furnace that is the largest one producing special steels in Europe, made perhaps the most important announcement to date in the history of electric steelmaking in this country. They stated that their other subsidiary, Steel, Peech and Tozer, of Sheffield, which has been producing about 1,000,000 tons of carbon steel a year in twenty open-hearth furnaces due for replacement, is to replace the whole of these by six 110-ton arc furnaces that will be able to produce 1,350,000 tons a year. This will be the largest electric steel melting shop in the world, for the present at least; but it is unlikely to remain the last big British development in electric steel.

For this output of bulk steel, the installation will cost about £10,000,000; an open-hearth melting shop would probably cost half as much again. Potentially, electric steelmaking has always offered these savings in capital cost. But what has tipped over the balance of the remaining cost factors to make it competitive with the longer-established steelmaking processes is the fact that while the prices of other fuels have risen sharply over the years, the price of electricity has remained relatively stable.

This fundamental development in steel technology in Britain during 1959—and it is only one among several—might be taken as demonstrating two points. First, it shows that the steel industry has found time to do a great number of other things during the last year or so besides organising propaganda and referenda to avert the danger of renationalisation that loomed over it up to October 8. Second, it exemplifies the quite radical changes that quite suddenly are beginning to occur in the pattern of what would until recently have been considered as one of the most stable and settled technologies among the major, heavily-capitalised industries.

The task of proving the case for private enterprise in steel did not detract from the industry's other job of technical change, nor from the programme of capital development in which the technical changes have been embodied; the steel industry, this year, will probably have invested more in fixed capital than ever before, well over £100,000,000. In the early part of the year, admittedly, the steel managements may have had more spare time for politics than they would have liked: the industry was producing at only 75-80 per cent. of its potential capacity. Since the early summer, however, as politics began to warm up, so did demand in the economy; in the last couple of months, the industry has been producing at 90 per cent. or more of capacity, and moving towards absolute records in monthly output. It will be fortunate to produce more than 21,000,000 tons for the whole of this year, which will be better than 1958 but not as high as 1957; but the rate of production at this end of the year represents an annual output of more than 23,000,000 tons.

Even this is still not as much steel as the industry could and would like to produce. Although demand suffered quite a sharp recession in 1958 and did not really start its quite rapid recovery until early summer 1959, the industry's development plans have gone on maturing and adding new or enlarged plant to its productive capacity. In early 1957, when the industry touched its all-time record output of 443,200 tons of crude steel a week (equivalent to 23,000,000 tons a year), this represented all-out production at its full capacity; in October and November this year, when a roughly similar rate was reached, the industry probably had the capacity to produce 25,000,000 tons.

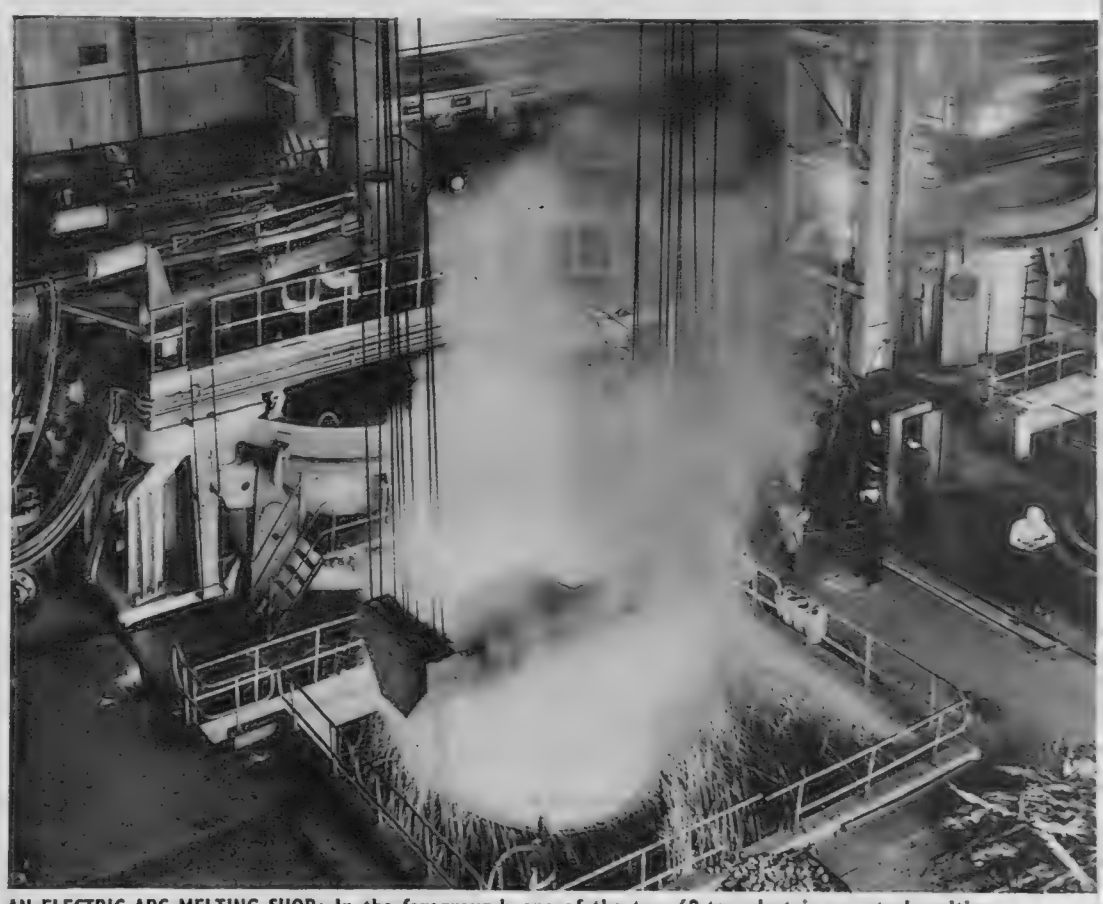
Demand for steel is still rising; the motor industry and the manufacturers of home equipment have kept the strip mills uninterruptedly busy during the whole period of recession in other steel-using industries, but now demand is strengthening in other industries as well. Many users of steel, again, have run their stocks down during the period of slack demand; with deliveries of steel by now much less easy to obtain quickly, there may well be a general desire to stock up for higher production that should increase demand on the industry for a time next year.

In total tonnage needed, then, the industry next year may well gain enough orders to equal its total productive capacity. But capacity is not a figure; it is a network of steel furnaces and of rolling mills and forging presses. Whether the steel demanded will be of the qualities and products that this network of specialised though fairly flexible plant can turn out remains to be seen. If demand continues to grow in the pattern it has assumed this year, one could well have quite large shortages of certain kinds of steel—in particular, sheet and strip for motor-cars and home equipment—while other mills, producing such products as shipbuilding steel plate, may still be working well below capacity. There are good hopes now that by the end of next year private investment in plant and equipment may be increasing again, raising "capital demand" for steel; but certain industries, such as the coal mines, shipyards and railways—all very big users of steel—look unlikely to be sharing in the general recovery sufficiently to increase their demands for steel.

All in all, the industry has weathered its comparatively short recession in demand in pretty stout health; some of the companies, such as South Durham which was the first company to report on its fortunes in the year ending September 30 this year, have come through with an actual increase in profits (though it disappointed the Stock Exchange by failing to increase its dividend). The owners of the private steel industry—many thousands of shareholders—benefited in the first month after the election by a rise averaging between 35 and 40 per cent. in the prices of their stock, after the many months in which steel share prices had languished by comparison with those of other companies.

There seems little doubt that the Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency, the organisation that acts as a holding company for the remaining nationalised companies—Richard Thomas and Baldwins and a fringe of smaller companies, representing now perhaps 12 per cent. of steel production in Britain—should be able to sell these back to private investors readily and fairly soon. A steel company owning one strip mill and constructing another, in the present era of boom for the motor industry and the other things that take sheet steel, may well attract the capital of the British public.

AN ELECTRIC ARC FURNACE: At the works of Samuel Fox and Co. Ltd., at Stocksbridge, near Sheffield, a subsidiary of the United Steel Companies Ltd., Sheffield, a 12½-ton furnace is prepared for charging. At the top of the picture is the furnace roof with its three large electrodes.



AN ELECTRIC ARC MELTING SHOP: In the foreground, one of the two 60-ton electric arc steel melting furnaces is being tapped in the shop at the Round Oak Steelworks Ltd., in Staffordshire. Unlike open-hearth furnaces, which are charged through the doors, these furnaces are charged through the top, the roof being raised and swung to one side. A seventy-five-ton crane is used for charging.

A GAS PIPELINE CONNECTING TOWNS IN SCOTLAND

The two pictures *below* show one part of the work which the Scottish Gas Board is at present undertaking to provide cheaper gas. The Board, which showed a loss last year of £1,300,000, faces strong competition from other forms of fuel. Begun at the end of September, the project will link Britain's first high-pressure gas plant at Westfield, in Fife, with other towns in Scotland; initially, with Coatbridge to the west and with Dundee to the north, and finally, it is expected, with Kilmarnock, Ayr, Edinburgh and Galashiels. The first part of the scheme, which is now well under way, will take 76 miles of steel pipe, and the complete system, forming a grid, an estimated 200 miles. The Westfield station has a capacity of 30,000,000 cub. ft. of gas, and under the high-pressure technique gas will be driven through the long pipeline at a speed of approximately 40 miles per hour. Another important feature of the Westfield plant will be the use of lower-grade coal which was previously thought to be 40 per cent. useless. Among the more difficult tasks in laying the pipeline was getting it across the River Forth. This involved pulling 2,000 ft. through the water with a fifty-ton winch.

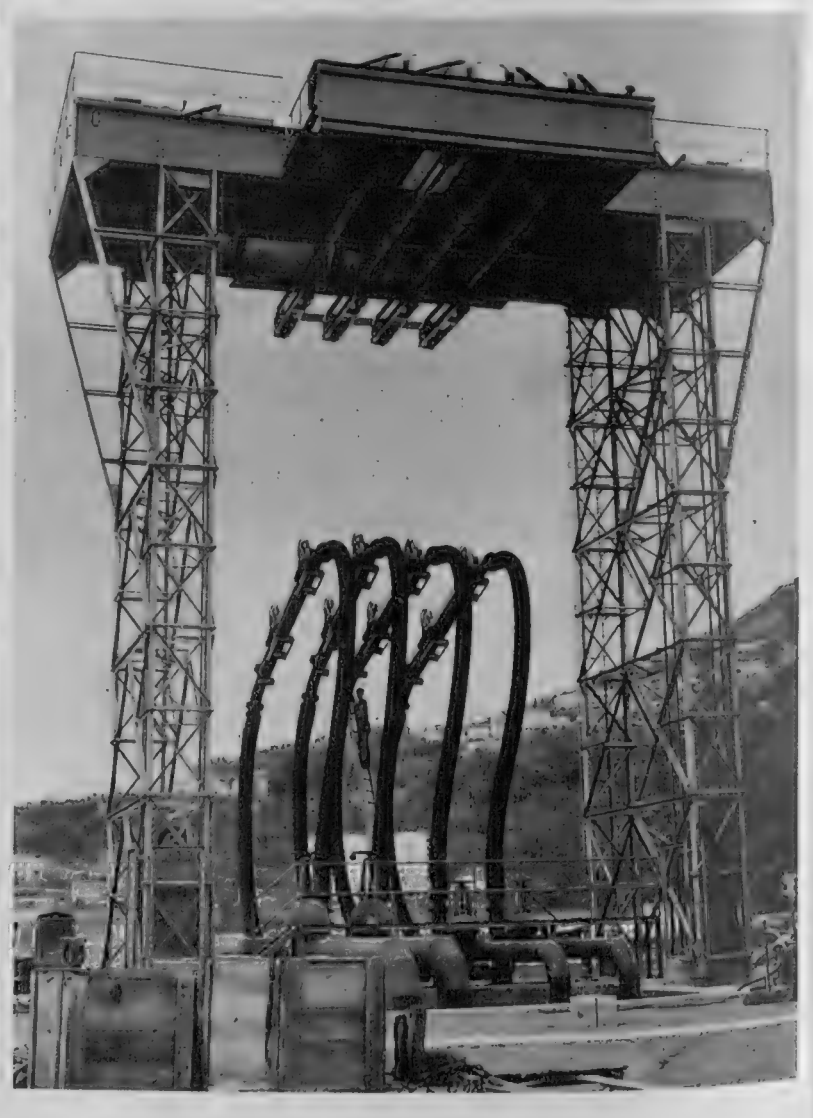
PIPES TO CARRY GAS UNDER THE FORTH: On the south bank of the Scottish river, near Dunmore, which is not far from Kincardine, are parts of a 2,000-ft.-long gas pipe. The section on the left is mounted ready to be drawn into the water. The scheme is to link the Scottish Gas Board's plant at Westfield, Fife, with Coatbridge and Dundee.

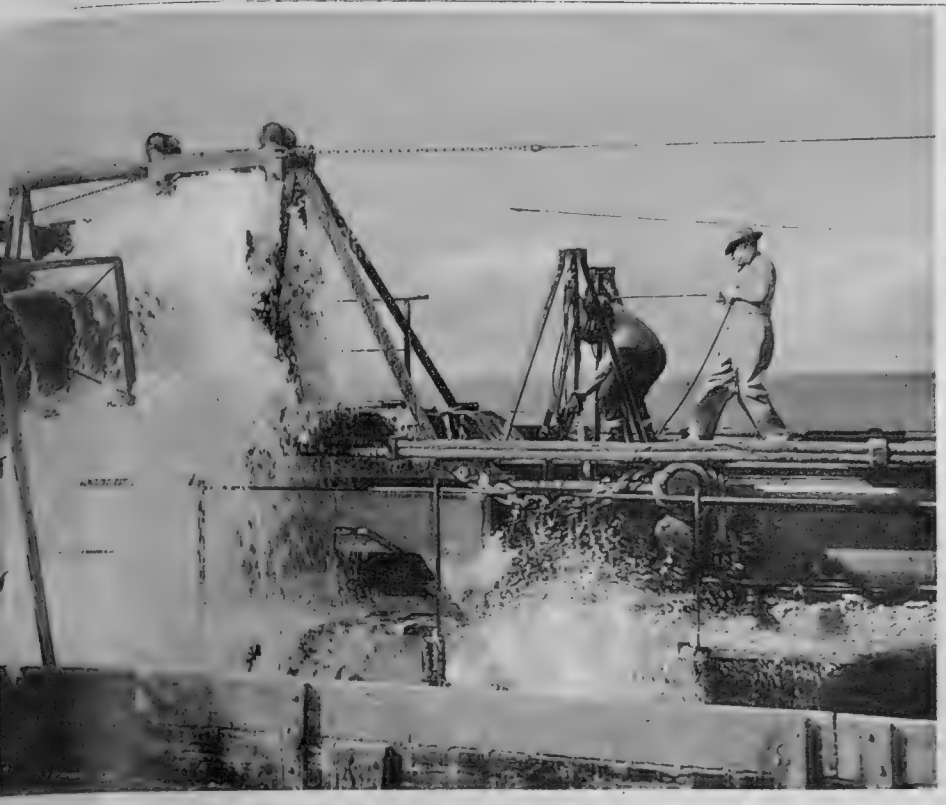
On right—

ON THE OPPOSITE BANK: The gas pipeline emerges from the water on the other side of the river. In the background a River Forth dredger is at work. The pipe, which is made of steel, was drawn across by a fifty-ton winch. A similar pipeline will be laid parallel to it.

TO HANDLE OIL FROM THE SAHARA

From the air can be seen the recently completed installations at the Mediterranean port of Bougie, on the Algerian coast. The harbour forms the terminal port for the new pipeline which runs from Hassi Messaoud in the oilfields of the Sahara. *Below* is part of the installations for handling the oil tankers at Bougie. The equipment is designed to provide for the speedy disposal of ballast carried by the tankers on arrival and to pipe the oil on board. The first consignment of oil along the pipeline, which is over 400 miles long, arrived at the port in mid-November. It was calculated that the initial capacity of the pipeline was 4,800,000 metric tons a year, and that the figure would rise to approximately 14,000,000 tons when in full operation. It took some time for the oil reservoirs at Bougie to rise, but the trial loading of a tanker was due to take place by the beginning of December. It is estimated that all the installations will be complete by the end of 1960, when the port will be able to handle five tankers simultaneously in its docks.





COLLECTING CORAL TO MAKE CEMENT IN QUEENSLAND: *Left*—In Moreton Bay, not far from the mouth of Brisbane River, coral mixed in seawater is loaded into the *Cementco*, a carrier vessel. Two of the crew are adjusting the vessel's hopper doors to ensure an even distribution of the load. *Right*—*Cementco* is almost fully loaded. On left is the joint connecting the carrier with the dredger.

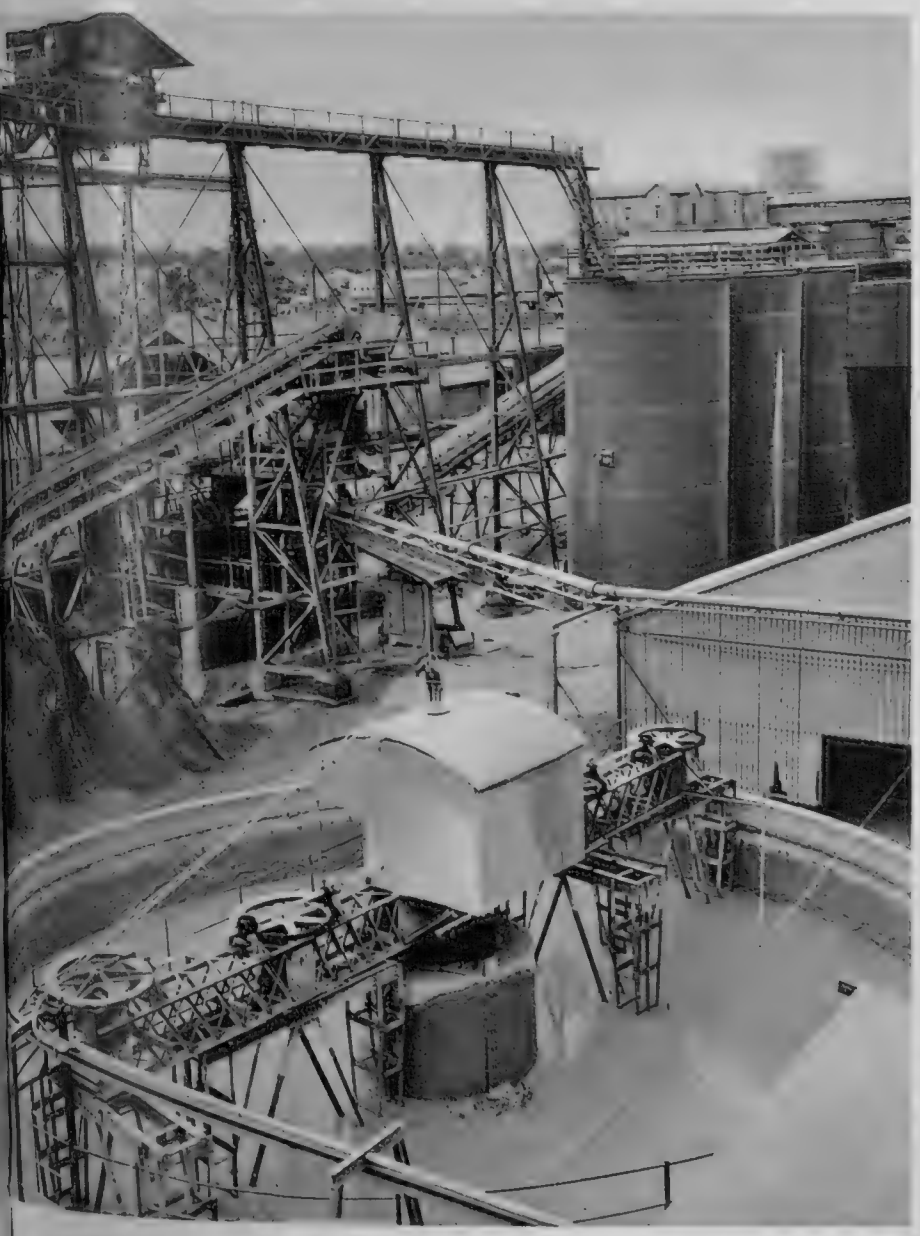
EXPLOITING CORAL IN QUEENSLAND

The basic raw material in the manufacture of cement is normally chalk or limestone. However, the Queensland Cement and Lime Company at their factory at Darra, a suburb of Brisbane, utilise coral, rich deposits of which are dredged from Mud Island, 40 miles away, in Moreton Bay. The Company have a fleet of three vessels, a dredger and two carriers.

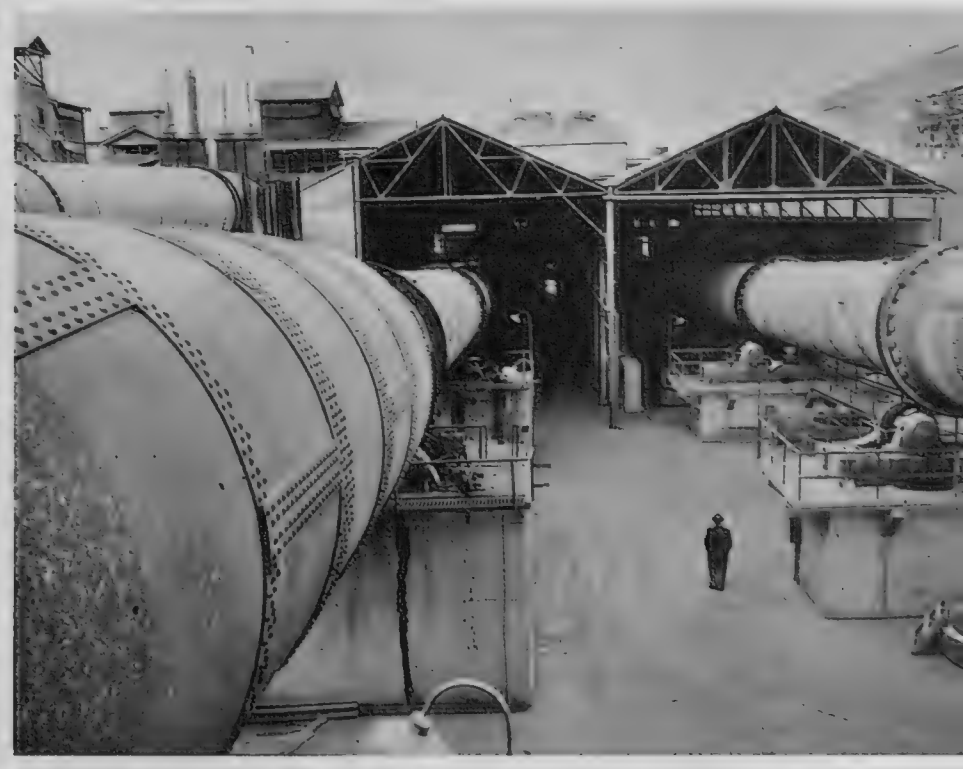
Because the operation of the carrier ships is dependent on the tides, precise timing is required each day. The carriers must leave the wharf at Darra, steam to the dredger at Mud Island, load coral, return to Darra and discharge cargo, all within 12½ hours. The main carrier is the *Cementco*, which has a hopper capacity of 2,000 tons. Unusual features of the 7½-knot vessel are her six rudders and six propellers; they enable her to "turn on a sixpence." She can load 800 tons in an hour, and she usually spends 2½ hours taking on the coral sucked up by the dredger from the sea bed. Discharging cargo is quicker. At the wharf on the River Brisbane the hopper doors are opened and the cargo drops to the river bed. Wharfside grabber cranes raise the coral, which has thus been washed twice: once when sucked up by the dredge and a second time in the river. The manufacture of the cement conforms to standard methods. The coral is crushed and blended with other materials into slurry, which is heated in the giant kilns to form clinker. This, mixed with gypsum, is crushed into powder to form cement.

For each 94-lb. bag of cement made at Darra 131 lb. of coral, 8 lb. of sand, 5½ lb. of clay, 4 lb. of gypsum and ½ lb. of ironstone are used. Each year 600,000 tons of coral are used and current production of cement runs at 300,000 tons a year. An expansion programme, costing some £1,000,000, is expected to raise this by 200,000 tons by 1961. The Darra developement plan includes the installation of a giant rotary kiln 465 ft. long; plant to pulverise 14 tons of coal an hour for use in the furnaces; machinery to grind 800 tons of clinker daily; and a new concrete chimney 250 ft. high. With a smaller factory at Townsville, farther north, Darra should produce enough cement to supply the needs of all Queensland, New Guinea, Northern Territory and northern New South Wales. The resources of coral, deposited in a reef 18 to 20 ft. deep in Moreton Bay, are said to be unlimited.

UNLOADING: At Darra, a suburb of Brisbane on the river, the hopper doors are opened and the coral drops to the river bed.



AFTER THE CORAL HAS BEEN CRUSHED: At the Darra factory the crushed coral, mixed with ironstone, clay, sand and water, is in a slurry blending tank. Afterwards it goes to the kilns. In the right background are storage tanks for the finished product.

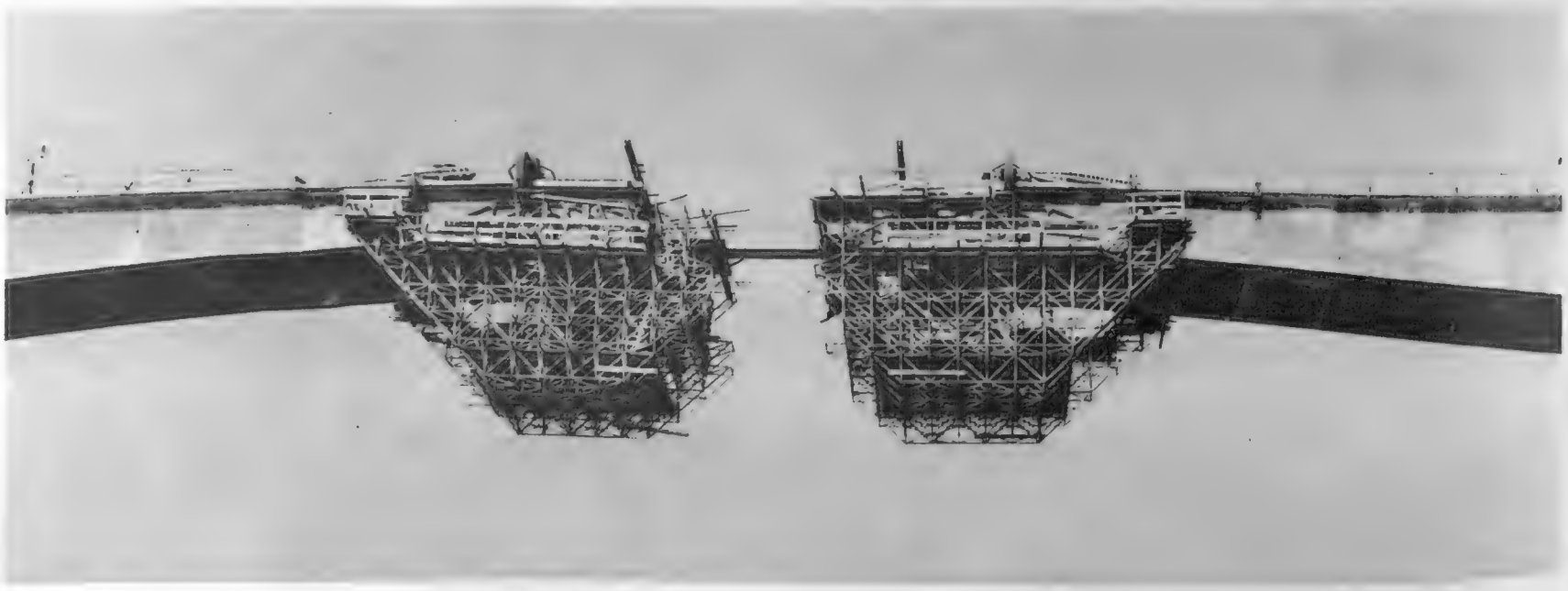


HUGE PLANT: The great pipes are two of the five rotary kilns at the works. One measures 12½ ft. in diameter and 350 ft. in length, and the other 8 ft. in diameter and 150 ft. in length. Slurry in the kilns is heated to form clinker, which is ground into cement.

BRIDGE-BUILDING HIGH IN THE AIR: Work proceeds on the final stages of completion of the centre span of the new bridge over the Tromso inlet, in the extreme north of Norway. It links Tromso to the mainland. *On right*—The long bridge is built high over the inlet on groups of slender reinforced concrete pillars so as to allow the passage of shipping underneath. On the left work is in progress on supports in preparation for the construction of one of the side spans. *Below*—The halves of the centre span are linked by a single beam, as work proceeds. Built underneath are scaffolding platforms, supported on the top of the span and moved outwards stage by stage. The reinforced concrete bridge is due to be opened in July of next year. It consists of approaches built on single columns on the sides of the inlet; side spans nearly 80 ft. long resting on double columns; and a main span of over 260 ft. The total length of the bridge will be nearly 3,400 ft. and its height above the water a little more than 140 ft. Construction started in November, 1957, and the main work on the concrete structure is due to be completed in January of next year. A specially formed company, A/S Tromsobridge, is financing the project, backed by local investments and without any Government aid. It is estimated that the total cost of the structure will be about £650,000, which it is hoped will b recovered by toll charges. These may be as much as £50,000 a year, charging the same as the present ferry-boat services.

A Bridge Over the Sea in Norway

Completing the Centre Span of the Tromso Inlet Bridge



ARCADE OF LIGHT IN THE WEST END OF LONDON: Lines of traffic and crowds of pedestrians pass below the Christmas decorations in Regent Street. The theme this year is the "Enchanted Street" and the main feature is a series of huge chandeliers above the famous London thoroughfare. *On left*—A close-up view of an illuminated chandelier.

"ENCHANTED STREET"

Christmas Decorations Sparkle Over Regent Street, in London

The "Enchanted Street" is the theme of this year's Christmas decorations in Regent Street, arranged as usual by the Regent Street Association. Hanging above the centre of the thoroughfare are twenty-five vast chandeliers, spaced at intervals of 100 yards. Each chandelier is 10 ft. in diameter at its greatest width, and 25 ft. high. With subsidiary decorations, there are altogether 25,000 electric lights in various shades of blue, green and red. Shining below the dark of the night sky, the impression of enchantment they are intended to give is of a ballroom of enormous proportions.

The lights were formally switched on last week by Group-Captain G. H. Pirie, the Mayor of Westminster, and it is the sixth year in succession that the Regent Street Association has organised Christmas decorations. The idea was started after the success of the street's Coronation decorations in 1953. For the fifth year the designer is Mr. Beverly Pick.

Traffic along Regent Street was very congested last Sunday owing to sightseers. However, it was hoped that the flow would be easier from Monday with the start of the "Pink Zone" of no unauthorised parking during the Christmas and New Year period.

The World of Books

A VARIETY OF HUMAN NATURE

Autobiographies by Terry-Thomas and an American Editor; New Lives of Kipling, Tchaikovsky and Schliemann; a Remarkable Victorian Woman; Refugees to Britain; John Braine's Second Novel

NOBODY wants comedians to be touching or pathetic and if they are, they do it, so to speak, in their own time. There are those, as we have all heard, who want to play Hamlet, too, but I don't think that they have ever included such memorable figures as the late great Sid Field or the much present Mr. Terry-Thomas, whose autobiography might well have the sub-title: "How Extrovert Can You Get?" In fact, FILLING THE GAP (Max Parrish. 16s.) is less an autobiography by this ebullient stage-screen-TV actor than a lively series of anecdotes and funny stories having a more or less direct bearing on his life and career. Some of them are very amusing indeed. If you have no objection to the kind of interruption that comes from putting the book down in order to laugh, then this is the book for you.

MINE ENEMY GROWS OLDER (Heinemann. 21s.) is an autobiography, too, and longer if not funnier. Mr. Alexander King is an American writer who has, in the course of an extremely varied career, been an editor of *Life* magazine and, at one time, a drug addict. He writes with the greatest candour about both experiences and makes it clear that neither is particularly rewarding. He has known long lists of famous people, many of whom he forgets to mention or has deliberately left out. Mr. King does mention Mr. Henry Luce, however, his ex-chief, whom he refers to rather frostily as "just a regular guy," and Miss Joan Crawford and such luminaries as H. L. Mencken or George Jean Nathan, but when he does it is to illustrate a specific point; the glittering names of the American firmament are never dragged in haphazardly to add an extra shine to what is intrinsically a really bright autobiography.

> Seek not to question other than
> The books I leave behind . . .

So wrote Kipling and it has been left to a scholar, Miss J. M. S. Tompkins, of Bedford College and Royal Holloway College, to assess the poet and the writer exclusively through his work and not through a consideration of his personal life or career. THE ART OF RUDYARD KIPLING (Methuen. 25s.) is thus exactly what its title announces it to be: a serious review of the output of this often underestimated author whose fame was so great throughout his life and whose reputation has suffered such a diminution since his death. As a matter of fact, there are many signs that the tide of literary fashion is flowing again in his direction. Kipling is no longer to be dismissed as a Jingoist poet, an anachronistic example of Empire building and patriotism expressed in rather embarrassing terms. He is to be seen as a genuine poet and as a writer of incomparable short stories.

Miss Tompkins is sincerely to be congratulated for one thing because of the evergreen interest of the subject and the authority of its treatment and, for another, because this is a book which really achieves the biographer's aim of sending the reader back to the original sources.

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S LONDON (Allen and Unwin. 15s.) comes from another scholar, Dr. Dorothy Brewster, who, in a brief but enchanting book, has drawn some parallels between the writer's discovery of London and her highly individual use of it as a background in such diversified books as *Orlando*, *The Waves* or *Flush*. "London is enchanting," wrote Virginia Woolf in 1924 and, with her exquisite precision in the choice of words, she meant just that. London has meant a great deal to many writers and although Dr. Johnson and Dickens and Charles Lamb are often the first three names to occur to one, Mrs. Woolf has her rightful place with them, whatever the leagues of distance between them all in time and space.

Mr. John Gee and Mr. Elliott Selby have written a truly absorbing biography, thorough, sober and often touching, of a great musician of the past century. THE TRIUMPH OF TCHAIKOVSKY (Robert Hale. 18s.) is, I must add, by no means only for those who appreciate his music; it is also for those who find that the proper study of mankind is man and whose reward, in biographical reading, is a wider and wider knowledge of human nature.

Oddly enough, Tchaikovsky's attitude to those who came after him was not so different from Kipling's. "An artist," he wrote, ". . . should go on working and say all that he is predestined to say. He should know that posterity alone can deliver a true and just verdict." What that verdict has been is echoed in the title of this highly commendable study.

STORM BIRD (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), or *The Strange Life of Georgina Weldon*, is Mr. Edward Grierson's biography of a Victorian lady who went a long way to upsetting the popular conception of what is meant by that term. She was pretty. She was unconventional in the highest degree, lively, energetic, vital, liberal minded and endlessly litigious. She was at least partly responsible for a reform in our Lunacy Laws (her husband, at one point, tried to have her committed to an asylum). She was an amateur singer of real accomplishment. She was as much at home in the Law Courts (where she conducted her own cases) as in a drawing-room. She was the love of Gounod's life and bossed the composer unmercifully. She was delightfully outspoken, a prolific letter-writer and, altogether, a wonderful subject for a biographer. No wonder that Mr. Grierson has been able to write such an entertaining book.

AT THE OLD VIC IN LONDON: Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk, played by John Woodvine, protests his loyalty to King Richard (John Justin) after his accusation by Henry Bolingbroke, the Duke of Hereford, played by George Baker. In the scene from *King Richard II*, John of Gaunt, Bolingbroke's father (Robert Harris), is standing behind King Richard. Seated on the right of the bench is the Duke of York (Walter Hudd) with the Earl of Northumberland (Joss Ackland) beside him. This production, by Val May, is the twelfth by the Old Vic of *King Richard II*.

Jack Squire, as he was to all his hundreds of friends, was not only a poet but an editor, a champion of causes desperately in need of championing, a cricketer, a talker and an Englishman through and through. COLLECTED POEMS OF SIR JOHN SQUIRE (Macmillan. 25s.) is an admirable memorial to this gentle yet fighting spirit and it is, too, a volume in which one may discover many hours of delight. In his preface Mr. John Betjeman writes: "This book of his poems is in the nature of an autobiography, for it displays the things Jack Squire held dear—his friends, his children, his native Devon, his dogs and English life and scenery in the country and London."

THE GOLD OF TROY (Robert Hale. 18s.) is an examination of the career of Heinrich Schliemann and his excavations in the buried cities of ancient Greece, and it has been written with the greatest *brio* by Mr. Robert Payne. Schliemann began his fairly fabulous career as a clerk in a grocer's shop in his native Germany. At the time of his death, in 1890, he had made no fewer than four different fortunes, had three children through an unhappy marriage, and learned twelve languages. He was forty-seven when he decided to go to Troy. By instinct as much as by technical competence he ordered his workmen where to dig and discovered great treasures of gold, much of which can be seen illustrated in these pages. When, after a divorce, he married a Greek girl of seventeen, his life began at last to be happy. An amazing story, and how well Mr. Payne tells it.

THEY CAME AS STRANGERS (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), by Miss Francesca M. Wilson, who has devoted her life to the cause of refugees, is the first comprehensive history that I have ever read of the people to whom our country has offered sanctuary, new work, new lives and new hopes. The publication of such a book in this World Refugee Year is perfectly timed and I learn that part of the royalties from its sale will be devoted to that cause.

Huguenots, Flemings who, unlike Huguenots, have left little written record of themselves, *emigrés* from the French Revolution, political refugees in the nineteenth century and Jews—these, very roughly, are the categories of which the author writes and the scope of her book, or its principal part, is from the sixteenth century to 1914, with an epilogue up to 1959. It is a book of absorbing interest, of compassion, but never of sentimentality.

Miss Naomi Royde Smith is a novelist of very real distinction and in spite of an oddity of style which leads her into an occasionally involved sentence, her new book, A BLUE ROSE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is something more exceptional and certainly more tender than the love story of a timid and unsatisfied wife who centres her devotion on a likeable jobbing gardener. This is a slight but not insignificant story, and it has undertones of poetry and wistfulness expressed with great delicacy.

THE VODI (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is the second novel of Mr. John Braine, who made a resounding success with his first, *Room at the Top*, and is obviously determined to get as far away from that as possible in matter as in manner. His new book is the story of another young man, certainly, but there the likeness ends, for the hero of this semi-fantasy is a young man who gradually becomes dedicated to the idea of failure, not as a dreaded end to ambition but as a philosophy to be embraced. The Vodi itself is a gang of little men ruled over by one obscene old woman. Their aim is, simply and horribly, that the good must always suffer and only the brutal and vicious succeed. A belief in their fantastic set-up means that you may be proud to fail. This is the compensation that the young man dredges from his childhood imaginings. The book is not all grimness, in spite of this.

Mr. William Holt defies pigeonholing as effectively as he has defied the perils of typhoons, duels and murderous attacks halfway round the world. In the WIZARD OF WHIRLAW (Holt. 15s.) he has not only written *and* published his own book but is undertaking its distribution himself, selling advance editions on horseback with a stout riding coat and waterproof saddlebags. This is non-conformity in a very big way. His new book is, as he describes it, deeply religious in intention and is set mainly in the industrial north and the Pennine moors which he has known since the age of twelve. Altogether, an exceptional book authored by a very exceptional man.

Vernon Fane

INVASION ACROSS THE CHANNEL

The Story of D-Day, 1944

John Frayn Turner writes dramatically and well, even though his attitude to the recording of war is conventional in every way. In INVASION '44 (Harrap. 21s.) he has succeeded in presenting the grimness and the glory of that immense assault when 130,000 men, 20,000 vehicles, and 5,000 vessels were hurled against Hitler's Atlantic Wall. This book shows how the whole outcome of the war hung in the balance in those few hours after Eisenhower decided to brave the choppy seas of the English Channel. Perhaps it is a pity that Mr. Turner finds it difficult to be less persistently heroic in his approach, for the contrasts of war, the long days of doing nothing and the swiftly passed climaxes of terror and action form the real pattern. Every soldier knows this; and perhaps Mr. Turner asks us to endure the horrors of D-Day too long without a break as he describes the U.S. Rangers scaling sheer cliffs straight into enemy defences, the hell on Omaha Beach, and the frogmen going in advance to clear the foreshore under heavy fire.

What really happened all along that Norman coast on that day was probably much more varied in tempo; this writer, at any rate, is reminded of a searchlight captain (Monty's Moonlight Brigade) dashing ashore in all the bravery of the grand assault, only later to find himself (awaiting his men in the main party) drinking white wine and Calvados in a café not far from the shore and passing more than a few hours while others were fighting not very far away. Nevertheless, John Frayn Turner has done a remarkable job in presenting his D-Day survey, and perhaps these other matters will be taken as read by the tens of thousands of men and women who know war's strange intricacy.

Why is it that many men who go adventuring in remote places seem to have delightful personalities and a certain serenity? At any rate, whether there is anything in the generalisation or not, it is true of George Lowe, the New Zealander, who went with John Hunt, Hillary and Tensing on the higher slopes of Everest, and followed Vivian Fuchs through the Antarctic wastes with the same cheerful intrepidity. Mr. Lowe writes about both these adventures in his delightful book BECAUSE IT IS THERE (Cassell. 21s.). It is a most modest document. What does emerge from these pages of reminiscence is the essence of true leadership. Mr. Lowe is not completely uncritical of Hunt, Hillary or Fuchs. How could he be after living in their company so long? None of us can stand up to that sort of scrutiny. But he is able to pin-point the reasons for their success, and he does so in a most generous and discerning spirit.

T. A. Layton reflects a healthy mixture of enthusiasms in his new book, WINES AND CASTLES OF

THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO: "Antique Warrior," a silverpoint on cream-coloured paper, about 1478, is reproduced from Ludwig Goldscheider's *Leonardo Da Vinci, His Life and Work, Painting and Drawings* (Phaidon Press. 47s. 6d.). The sixth and latest edition of this fine volume contains complete reproductions of all Leonardo's genuine paintings and of about 100 of his drawings. The text has been only slightly revised, but the bibliography has been brought up to date and footnotes augmented.

A NOTED AMERICAN PAINTER: The photographic portrait of Norman Rockwell, the American illustrator and painter of murals, in his studio at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is in *Portraits of Greatness*, by Yousuf Karsh (Nelson. 84s.) The book has ninety-six full-page reproductions of the internationally renowned photographer's portraits. For each of them Karsh has written a note of his experiences in taking the picture which is a definitive record of a famous personality.

SPAIN (Michael Joseph. 21s.). The title tells us in unmistakable terms where Mr. Layton's major interests lie, but if the wine districts were his first objective, and some of the castles within those districts his second, these things have not quelled his delight in inns, churches, mosques, bodegas, ruins, aqueducts, museums, and monasteries. This is a beguiling book, and it brings to mind the immense sense of contrast that one finds in the Peninsula, the poverty and the wealth, its fertile and near desert country.

The second volume of THE BODLEY HEAD SCOTT FITZGERALD (Bodley Head. 20s.) is as wide in range and as full of distinguished writing as the first. As one critic has said, "Scott Fitzgerald's style sings of hope, his message is despair," and this is particularly true of *Tender is the Night*, the novel which takes up a large part of this second volume.

Also among the reprints is the omnibus book GREAT RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES (Ernest Benn. 15s.), and Ivan Turgenev's THE TORRENTS OF SPRING (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). The omnibus goes to over 1,000 pages, and is really remarkable value.

DOWNEY'S AFRICA (Cassell. 21s.) is the work of Anthony Cullen, a journalist of distinction and one of Kenya's Honorary Game Wardens. Mr. Cullen has been on many safaris with Downey, perhaps the greatest of the white hunters, and he explains in a most interesting way the new attitudes that are at last beginning to take hold in Africa in regard to game conservation and the study of wild life.

R. C. E.

TRAGIC CLIMAX: In the closing moments of the opera Don José (Hans Kaart) stands over the body of Carmen, whom he has stabbed outside the bull ring because of jealousy of the Toreador.

AN AMERICAN SINGER MAKES HER LONDON DEBUT IN "CARMEN": The title-role in Bizet's opera is being sung by Gloria Lane, on extreme left, in the fourth act at the Royal Opera House. With her is Escamillo, the Toreador (Ronald Lewis). Miss Lane gave the part earlier this year at La Scala, in Milan. She is an American mezzo-soprano who was first heard in London (but not at Covent Garden) seven years ago in Menotti's *The Consul*. *Carmen* came into the current season at the Royal Opera House last week. John Pritchard is the conductor of the work, which is often regarded as the most popular of all operas because of its easily understandable melodies. The two final performances will be given next week on Tuesday (December 8) and Friday (December 11). *Carmen* alternates with the outstanding Covent Garden event of the year: *Der Rosenkavalier* (in German). Schwarzkopf sings the Marschallin.

A FIRST APPEARANCE AT COVENT GARDEN

THE SPURNED LOVER: *Left* and *right*—Don José makes his final plea to Carmen before, driven to desperation by her indifference, he murders her. Don José was sung by Hans Kaart on the first night during the current performances at Covent Garden. For the next performance John Vickers took the role and will be heard in it next week.

A CARP IN CAPTIVITY: Clarissa, the largest carp in the London Zoo Aquarium, tries to swallow the finger of a keeper as he holds a piece of horseflesh in his hand. The fish has no teeth in its mouth, which is wide and thick-lipped, but has teeth in its throat. At the corner of the mouth is the large barbule. The back of the carp is dark brown and the belly is yellow. Clarissa was caught in September 1952, in a pond near Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire. She weighed 44 lb., a record for Great Britain. Her age is estimated at almost twenty-three years.

On left—

A RUSH FOR FOOD: Clarissa's companions in the London Zoo Aquarium approach a proffered titbit of horseflesh. The fish normally feed on insects, worms and vegetable matter, but for some time horseflesh has been added to their natural diet; they share about 2 lb. a day.

CLARISSA THE CARP

A Record-Breaking Fish in London Zoo Aquarium

Richard Walker, a well-known angler, established a record in September 1952 when, using a rod and line, he caught Clarissa, a female carp. She weighed 44 lb., 12 lb. more than the previous British record. Since her capture Clarissa has lived in the Aquarium at London Zoo with other fresh-water fish, including carp. She is now 3 ft. 2 ins. long, but her weight is not known as the fish are not handled in the fish tank. Clarissa is easily the largest carp in the Aquarium, her nearest rival being a 25-lb. specimen caught last year. Larger carp have, however, been known; some more than 5 ft. long have been caught.

The fecundity of the carp is great. A single ovary of a medium-sized specimen contains approximately 700,000 eggs; a large carp may have as many as 2,000,000. The young fish remains in the yolk sac with which it was hatched for ten days or so. This being absorbed, it moves about and feeds first on microscopic plankton and later, as it grows larger, on young shoots of weed and small forms of pond life. Carp develop a wide range of tastes in food, but weed, worms and insects remain the staple diet. Not many of the young fish survive the natural hazards of their youth, but many of those that do, live for a long time. Clarissa, in the London Zoo, is twenty-three years old, about middle-aged. Some carp are known to have lived to be 150 and even 200 years old. It is interesting to remember that the goldfish is a close relative of the carp.

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ATTRIBUTED TO A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MASTER: Stated by some experts to be "The Annunciation," by Artemisia Gentilischi, this painting is one of ten found in Pasadena, near Los Angeles, in California. The discovery has caused widespread controversy.

"OLD MASTERS" CONTROVERSY

The Clash of Opinions Over Paintings Found in California

News of the discovery in California of what is alleged to be a collection of ten very valuable paintings by Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has caused great controversy in the world of Art. Information was first given about them to the public at a Press conference in Los Angeles. It was stated that ten canvases had been found a year ago rolled up under the bed of an Italian television repair man, Mr. Alfonso Follo, at his home in Pasadena. Facts which do not appear ever to have been in dispute are that the paintings had been in the possession of the Follo family for generations and had been brought to America fourteen years ago by Mr. Follo's sister, Mrs. Maria Hataburda. Her grandmother was understood to have inherited them from her uncle, Cardinal Senna-Antonio, who died in 1887. Where dispute arose was over the nature of the paintings.

Mr. Alexander Zlatoff-Mirsky, of Chicago, who restored the collection, claimed that all of them were masterpieces. He put the total value of the works at between £2,800,000 and £3,500,000. The finest of them, he said, was "The Maddalena," by Caravaggio, sometimes known as "the lost masterpiece." Among others were two Tintoretto's, a Titian, a Raphael and a Giordano.

In support of his opinion Mr. Zlatoff-Mirsky cited Professor Amadore Porcella, a recognised expert on the Renaissance period, who had been called in to examine the discoveries. However, voices strongly dissenting were soon raised. Among them was Mr. Taylor Curtis, the Head of an art gallery in Pasadena and a well-known art critic. After examining the paintings he declared them to be "old but of little value." Other experts joined in the dispute. Some pointed out that Mr. Zlatoff-Mirsky was understood to have restored the whole collection in three months. If the canvases had been genuine they would have been fragile and it would not have been possible to restore them in so short a time. Mr. Zlatoff-Mirsky replied that the chemical cleaning processes used by him proved the paints were 300 years old.

When the news reached Europe, experts in Italy soon began to show an interest. General opinion was sceptical, especially in Rome where a "Maddalena," by Caravaggio, is one of the treasures of the Doria-Pamphili Gallery. It was thought that "The Maddalena" in California might be a copy. In London critics maintained that the "lost masterpiece" by Caravaggio was not a "Maddalena" but a painting entitled "Cheaters at Cards."

On left—

NEGLECTED FOR FOURTEEN YEARS: The first announcement made from Los Angeles declared the canvas to be "Saint Cecilia," by Bernardo Cavillino. The ten paintings were discovered under the bed of an Italian television repair man, Mr. Alfonso Follo, in Pasadena. They were said to have been brought to the United States fourteen years ago by his sister, having been in the family for many generations. Experts who held the collection to consist of genuine works by some of the greatest Italian masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries valued them as being worth altogether between £2,800,000 and £3,500,000.

ORIGINAL OR COPY?: The canvas seen here has caused the most heated dispute. The Chicago art restorer who was responsible for restoring it described it as "The Maddalena," by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, and "the greatest find of the century." He claimed to have the support for his opinion of a distinguished expert, Professor Amadore Porcella. However, great scepticism was expressed in art circles in New York and elsewhere in America that the painting could be an original work by Caravaggio.

A CLAUDE LORRAIN?: The painting entitled "Lot With His Daughters" is said to have come from the brush of Claude Gelée, who is usually known as Claude Lorrain, from the name of his birthplace. He lived from 1600 to 1682.

On left—

A SUBJECT OF DISPUTE: The claim that Raphael was the painter of "The Madonna With Saints" has been widely questioned, as have attributions of other canvases to such outstanding artists as Tintoretto, Titian and Lorenzo Lotto. Information about them was first given at a Press conference called by a noted Los Angeles lawyer, Mr. Jerry Gieseler, retained by Mr. Charles di Renzo, a California businessman, who became interested when the paintings were discovered in Pasadena a year ago.

ON THE ISLAND OF STAFFA IN THE HEBRIDES: The basaltic colonnades form an impressive entrance to Fingal's Cave. It was the crashing and booming of the sea in the grotto which inspired Felix Mendelssohn in 1829 to compose his famous overture.

INSIDE FINGAL'S CAVE: Visitors look down into the sea from a ledge in the grotto. Fingal's Cave is 228 ft. in length, 48 ft. wide and 60 ft. high. It may be entered only in the calmest weather, as the island of Staffa is inaccessible even to small boats in a rough sea.

LIGHT AND MUSIC

Fingal's Cave on the Island of Staffa, in the Inner Hebrides

Fingal's Cave is one of about half a dozen large grottoes hewn by the sea out of the volcanic rock of the Island of Staffa. The name of the cave is derived from Fingal (more commonly known as Fionn) MacCumhail, the hero in Gaelic story who flourished in the third century A.D. Felix Mendelssohn made Fingal's Cave famous the world over. The German composer paid his first visit to London in 1829 at the age of twenty and after the season spent some time touring Scotland. He carried away with him the inspiration to write the Scotch Symphony and the Hebrides Overture (Fingal's Cave). The latter has been described as one of the finest portrayals of the sea in music.

The Island of Staffa is also noted for its geological construction. Forming an uneven plateau, at its highest point the island is 144 ft. above sea-level. It has a circumference of 1½ miles. There is only one landing-place, and this was severely damaged by a stray mine during the war. Elsewhere the coast is bounded by cliffs from 84 to 112 ft. high. The cliffs reveal the structure of the island. The most striking features are the basalt colonnades which come between the conglomerated tufa basement and the overlying amorphous basalt. The hexagonal prismatic jointing of which the columns are composed is due to the shrinkage of molten lava on solidification and cooling. The shrinkage began on the upper and lower surfaces, and extended upwards and downwards into the mass as solidification and cooling proceeded. The pillars form the façades and the walls of all the caves.

Stalactites are another feature for which the caves on Staffa are famous. They hang from the roof of Fingal's Cave in great white columns and on them and on the pillared walls play the multi-coloured reflected lights from the sea which forms the floor of the cave. Many tourists go every year to Staffa on the cruise ship from Oban round the Isle of Mull. It is a one-day voyage of much interest, but it is only during the calmest weather that visitors are able to land on Staffa and inspect Fingal's Cave. Apart from Mendelssohn, other famous people who have visited Fingal's Cave include Queen Victoria, Wordsworth, Keats, Scott and Tennyson.

On left—

A VIEW FROM THE SEA: The south end of Staffa is an impressive sight. The basaltic columns are up to 60 ft. high and are formed of hexagonal prisms. They stand on volcanic tufa, while above them is amorphous basalt. A plateau 71 acres in area, Staffa lies about seven miles west of the Isle of Mull. It is treeless and unpopulated.

Below—

GEOLOGICAL MARVELS: Beneath the lofty basaltic colonnades visitors walk on a causeway formed from the remains of former columns. These were shattered by the explosion of a mine on Staffa during the last war

A STUDY IN LIGHT AND SHADE: Looking out to sea on a calm day from the darkness of the celebrated cave on Staffa.

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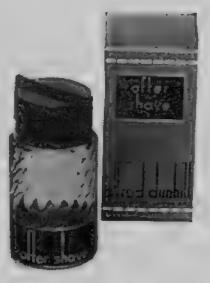

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THE CRUMBLING PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON: The Temple of the maiden Goddess Athena is the chief of the ancient Greek buildings of the Acropolis which are uniquely majestic in their beauty and look down on the city of Athens. The Pentelic marble pillars, erected under the direction of Pericles, are being affected by a form of pernicious erosion.

ACROPOLIS EROSION

Increasing Decay to the Fabric of Athens' Immortal Monument

On left—

ABOVE THE CAPITAL OF GREECE: The massive column on the Acropolis of Athens clearly shows signs of decay. Having suffered over 2,000 years of great vicissitudes, the fabric is now peeling from the "marble disease."

THE CHIEF PLACE OF WORSHIP: The Erechtheum, dedicated to Athena Polias and Poseidon—Erechtheus was the principal temple on the Acropolis. Some graceful porticos and statuary survive. The Erechtheum is older than the Parthenon.

IN HONOUR OF VICTORY: The Temple of Athena Nike (or Victory) is one of the smaller buildings on the Acropolis. Much of it was restored during the first half of the last century by archæologists who collected the pieces of the structure from remains found nearby.

THE DECLINE OF ATHENIAN CULTURE: The Temple of Roma dates from the days of the Roman occupation of Greece. Like many buildings on the Acropolis, it may become the victim of serious decay unless means are found to stop the erosion.

The Acropolis, in Athens, is certainly the most famous monument in the Western world. The group of temples standing on the hill above the city possesses a unique sense of the numinous—of Deities. The largest Acropolis building is the Parthenon, literally the Chamber of the Virgins. Originally the name referred to one only of its rooms. The term was not applied to the whole building until the fourth century B.C., in a speech by the orator Demosthenes.

The Parthenon has had a very varied history. Its construction, in Pentelic marble, was proposed by Pericles around 2,400 years ago. The great Athenian leader himself directed the work, his friend Phidias, the sculptor, being the chief architect. Other architects, some of whom belonged to rival schools, took a hand in the building. The Parthenon is an example of true, and tolerant, democracy in practice.

The Romans, when they occupied Greece, respected the edifice, for most of the Cæsars had artistic sensibility. Then, as Christian and Muslim battled on the Mediterranean shores, the Parthenon became variously a church and a mosque. In 1687 the noble pillars were being used to house a Turkish magazine during a siege by the Venetians. A mortar shell landed on them and many of the treasures of Phidias and his associates were lost for ever.

This started the decay of the other buildings on the Acropolis, besides the Parthenon. Lord Elgin, 150 years ago, did signal service in rescuing some of the remains, now known as the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, in London. To-day the columns above Athens are beginning to show signs of really serious decrepitude. An affliction known as "marble disease" is beginning to give cause for serious alarm. Subsidiary causes are the vicissitudes of the past—the effects of the Venetian bombardment of 1687 and also a great earthquake in 1894 are plainly showing themselves; added to which are the ever-present hazards of the weather and such modern developments as low-flying jet aircraft. Exhaust fumes and vibration are two obvious contributory factors. It is reported that the Greek Air Force has now ceased flying over the hill, although, apparently, not all members of the NATO forces are accepting this self-denying ordinance.

Experts are trying various expedients to stop the increase of the decay to the irreplaceable marble. Chemists have been called in and offered suggestions. All too often what appears at first sight to be satisfactory turns out to have a deleterious result in the long run. For example, the application of paraffin to the stone leads to blackening of the marble. Nevertheless, the Department of Antiquities and others concerned in Athens continue their struggle, in which they must have, without doubt, the ready support and assistance of all who recognise that present freedom is a heritage from ancient Greek civilisation.

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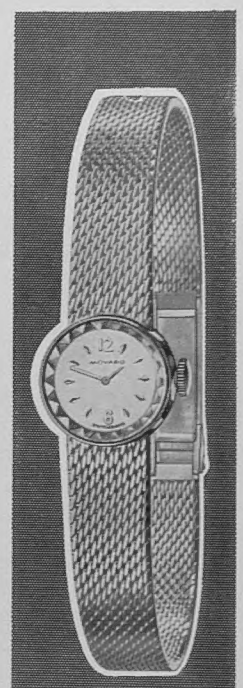

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